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MR. MORLEY AT NEWCASTLE.

IT is pleasant to observe, in Mr. JOHN MORLEY's speeches at Newcastle on Wednesday, no signs such as have appeared in some other of his speeches, both in and out of Parliament, lately, and have seemed to show that he had returned to political work too soon after his very serious illness in the winter. The number of fair-minded and good-tempered politicians, especially in the Gladstonian party, is not so great that Mr. MORLEY can be spared, even by those most opposed to him, to swell the throng of petulant sophists. He, indeed, as has often been noticed, usually shows at his best among his own constituents. There is a class of speakers, of whom Mr. DISRAELI was an instance, and of whom Mr. GOSCHEN is the most remarkable living example, who positively thrive on opposition and dissent, who never strike out so strongly as in a rough sea. Mr. MORLEY, like his present chief, and like the late Lord IDDESLEIGH, gets on much better with the tide. It is very edifying and agreeable to read the excellent opinion which he has of the Newcastle colliers and machinists, and to observe the cordial fashion in which these worthy persons appreciate his appreciation. "Colliery [without the i] lads for evermore," says an old Newcastle song, and that is the opinion of the lads themselves and of their member—in the latter case, of course, so long as they return him. It must always be agreeable to all but sour curmudgeons to survey happy families of this kind, even if the happiness did not produce much better speeches than Mr. MORLEY delivers when he has opposite to him a not wise Chief Secretary, as he mournfully described his successor to his audience, a recreant Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a majority composed of persons as different as possible from the intelligent, the high-minded, the, above all things, "sober" artisans of Elswick and Byker.

At the same time the satisfaction of perceiving Mr. MORLEY at his best is perhaps increased by the additional perception how very little even so clever a man at his best can make of the cause and the party which Mr. MORLEY now represents. Mr. MORLEY is not in the least like Mr. PECKSNIFF, whatever may be the case with some of his friends; but, since the celebrated request of that great architect to be merry, after which he suited the action to the word by taking a captain's biscuit, a more curious kind of jollity has seldom been seen than Mr. MORLEY's declaration, that the state of the Liberal party in Newcastle is "admirable," because it has just suffered "some small reverses." To his further argument that the heart of Irishmen has been changed and become as that of a little child, because they say handsome things to Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY himself, when Mr. MORLEY and Mr. GLADSTONE promise them everything they want, another parallel from fiction presents itself—the parallel of the boy who was "so obedient that you might guide him with a feather—to pick cherries." It is extremely interesting to know that Mr. MORLEY admires the Duke of WELLINGTON and Mr. CARLYLE; but he must surely be a very hard-bested politician when he quotes these two particular names in a speech tending to the support of Radicalism in general and Home Rule in particular. So, also, no orator who was in funds, and Mr. MORLEY least of all, would have indulged in the foolish and, as far as real meaning goes, positively untrue taunt that those Conservatives—after all but a fraction of the party—who supported the Oaths Bill, were acting inconsistently with their conduct some years ago. Mr. MORLEY should be aware (whatever be the case with his half-namesake, Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY, who speaks with the double license accorded to a party Whip and a very young politician) that the presence in Parliament of other persons besides Mr. BRADLAUGH affected the Oaths question seriously, and that the action taken in

Mr. BRADLAUGH's affair was due to the action taken by Mr. BRADLAUGH himself. But the signs of "No case" were perhaps more serious and not less obvious in the comments made by Mr. MORLEY on the Budget and the Local Government Bill. This wicked Mr. GOSCHEN, says Mr. MORLEY plaintively, only gets a surplus by not paying off debt as he ought to do. And he carefully does not mention that at the very same moment this wicked Mr. GOSCHEN, by the conversion process, has, to all intents and purposes, reduced every twelve millions of the Debt to eleven millions, as far as the burden on the nation goes. He calls on blushing Free-trade to hide the dreadful bottled-wine tax; but he was obliged to explain to Elswick and Byker that he really has no objection to it as a tax upon bottled wine. And when we pass from what he said about Mr. GOSCHEN to what he said about Mr. RITCHIE, very much the same things appear. He is "delighted" that the Tories have been converted. That is his general criticism; but when he comes to detail the delight seems to be of a most curious character. There are very few things, after all, in the Bill that are right, and those have the damning fault of being done by the wrong persons. But the crowning instance is, of course, to be found when we come to Ireland; and Mr. MORLEY's case is no better than his mistake happens to be shared by Sir HENRY JAMES. Everybody remembers that memorable day when those who are unceasingly complaining that there is one law for England and another for Ireland fought desperately, as far as Ireland was concerned, against the proposal that both in England and in Ireland a prisoner or his wife might give evidence. Now every child, and much more an ex-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, knows what the opposition of Irish members to this means. It means, and can have no other meaning than, that the proposal would act as an additional means of detecting crime; and the Irish members, who represent crime, fight against it. Sir HENRY JAMES, like many lawyers, has no doubt other and technical objections; but none of these objections can by any possibility count with the Parnellites or with Mr. MORLEY. The Parnellites want, and very naturally want, not to tighten the rope round the necks of the advanced guard of their party. Honest men want, and very naturally want, to get that rope as tight as possible. And yet Mr. MORLEY acquiesces in resistance to the extension to Ireland of what he admits to be in itself and in England "a humane and beneficent proposal."

It can scarcely be necessary to go further than this in detailed examination, and the result is very interesting indeed. Mr. MORLEY is one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of Home Rulers. He has not, like most of his friends (his secret opinion of whom would be very interesting to hear), taken up Home Rule as an office-key, a pick-lock to a place, but as a conviction—a very strange conviction, no doubt, but still a conviction. He has got reasoned grounds for it—very odd grounds, no doubt, considering that they rest ultimately on sheer fear, but still grounds which can be called reasonable if you grant a little. He is speaking evidently in good temper on the whole, and not under the pressure of any recent mortification, to a sympathetic audience, and without the trouble—a new but considerable one in this platform-haunting age—of any special opponent to answer. Yet, as has been seen, he can hardly touch a single question without dropping into an obvious fallacy, exposing himself to an awkward *tu quoque*, rushing on the horns of a disastrous dilemma, or incurring a damaging charge of laughing on the wrong side of the mouth. This is the constant fate of the Home Rule orator, whose argumentative progress deserves no description so well as that famous and eloquent one of the Psalmist, about those who go down to the sea in ships, with the single exception

that it is never likely to end in any haven where he would be. To stagger from one contradiction to another, to reel out of this fallacy into that paralogism, this is the regular way of the defenders of the scheme. For it is a scheme logically and historically impracticable in itself, and discredited further by the necessity of working with a gang of politicians such as no honest man before our present Gladstonians would have touched with a little finger. It is scarcely wonderful that those who choose to meddle with it should incur such sorrowful chances by the way and stumble so lamentably in their going.

THE BUDGET.

THE main provisions of the Budget will probably be accepted either in virtue of their soundness or on Mr. GOSCHEN's authority. The narrow margin which he has allowed for amendments will render considerable alterations comparatively difficult to introduce. A small, and perhaps a precarious, surplus limits the elasticity of a Budget. A Chancellor of the Exchequer hampers his own freedom of action as well as the discretion of the House of Commons by proposing doubtful additions to the revenue as the alternative of an insufficient balance. Some of the new taxes will have the serious defect of being unpopular and not proportionally productive; but it will be necessary either to insist on the original scheme or to provide a substituted source of income. It fortunately happens that the most objectionable of all the minor articles of the Budget may be abandoned, not only without loss, but with a trifling gain. No class but that of vagrants has an interest in the suggested abolition of hawkers' licences. Quiet rustic householders view with alarm the facilities which are offered by Mr. GOSCHEN to sturdy beggars. Small ratepayers have no desire to increase the number of itinerant competitors, and the hawkers themselves would probably rather pay a tax on their occupation than surrender the monopoly which has been conferred on them by the imposition of the licence. A saving of 25,000*l.* a year looks insignificant by the side of the estimated millions of receipt and expenditure; but the hawker's licence has the collateral advantage of restraining a serious nuisance. If it were possible to discourage the whole mendicant profession by taxing their unprofitable industry, such an extension of the licence system would do more good than harm. It would perhaps be thought both presumptuous and paradoxical to suggest that the few thousands which might, as now, be levied on hawkers should be applied to facilitate the withdrawal of the heavy additional tax on bottled wines. The classes will perhaps not receive the sympathy of the masses with their grievance of dear champagne; but cheap wines, especially from Italy, which are commonly bottled where they are made, will be excluded from the English market if the present course of trade is disturbed. The technical difficulty of reversing a vote which has already passed the House of Commons might be easily overcome.

A more serious impediment to concession may perhaps be connected with Mr. GOSCHEN's motive for proposing an increase of duty. It is possible that his object is rather to recur to old-fashioned fiscal doctrines than to make a trifling addition to the surplus. One school of financiers has always disputed the soundness of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy in reducing to the lowest point the number of subjects of taxation. On the whole, the weight of authority is perhaps in favour of the recent practice; but it involves the inconvenience of rendering the fiscal system in a great measure dependent on the Income-tax. Mr. GOSCHEN's new tax on bottled wines is the first addition to the duty since the date of Mr. GLADSTONE's celebrated Budget of 1860, though the alcoholic standard was altered two or three years ago for the benefit of Spanish growers. The proposed increase of the duty on wines imported in bottle will produce an insignificant return; but it may perhaps be intended as the beginning of a new resort to indirect taxation. Mr. GOSCHEN caused some surprise by his remark that Parliament had no need to consult the susceptibilities of nations which take every opportunity of discountenancing English industry. The liberality of the English tariff is the result of a calculation of exclusively domestic interests. It was not out of generosity, but as a result of calculation, that Mr. GLADSTONE readjusted the wine duties. His measures have in a great measure altered the habits and tastes of English consumers. It is for their benefit, and not through polite consideration for French

growers, that light claret has been introduced as a common beverage. The apparent intimation that the new duty on bottled wines partakes of the nature of retaliation would cause some anxiety if it had been propounded by a less orthodox economist. It may also be remarked that a Customs duty, however small, becomes protective if it is not accompanied by a corresponding impost in the nature of Excise. Some wines are habitually bottled abroad, while other wines are imported in the wood. The advantage which is to be offered to wine bottled in England is in some degree anomalous. The expediency of taxing luxuries as such is not universally acknowledged. Duties on commodities used by a few are comparatively unproductive, and, if they discourage consumption, the revenue suffers. It may be admitted that, if the effect of the duty is only to make champagne slightly dearer, the grievance will not be intolerable.

The new taxes on heavy vehicles and on wheels will affect a less patient section of the community. The limit of weight is so fixed as to bring almost every waggon, if not almost every cart, within the jurisdiction of the tax-gatherer. It is true that farmers will not be liable for vehicles exclusively used in husbandry; but a load of timber or of coal for household use will entail the payment of duty. It must also be remembered that farmers are purchasers as well as dealers, and that they for the most part haul all the goods which they consume in their own waggons or carts. It may be presumed that artificial manures will be carried as articles connected with husbandry; but a cask of beer or a sack of flour can only be brought in a taxable vehicle. The argument that heavy vehicles wear the roads is entirely inconsistent with the policy which has prevailed for more than twenty years in the administration of the most important highways. Turnpike trusts have been almost everywhere abolished, at the cost in many cases of heavy loss to the creditors, and with the result of throwing the expense of maintenance on the ratepayers. Carriers and others who use the roads for heavy traffic are useful and indispensable members of the industrial community. The tax on heavy vehicles is a deliberate measure of retrogression. The wheel-tax will be still more universally obnoxious. There is not the smallest reason for taxing the simple machinery of the farm which would not equally justify a duty on boilers or fly-wheels. The smallness of the charge will not diminish the irritation of the farmer or tradesman who will bear the burden. The tax will be thought the more vexatious because it will render only a small contribution to the revenue. When Mr. GLADSTONE opened his great Budget of 1853 he was interrupted by an inquiry whether he intended to tax carthorses. He replied without a pause that he saw no more reason for taxing the machinery of agriculture than for taxing the machinery of manufacture.

The parts of the Budget which have been mentioned are not of primary importance. If the new taxes can be spared, they may be omitted from the scheme without affecting Mr. GOSCHEN's general policy. He has evidently thought it desirable at the expense of some questionable experiments to reduce the Income-tax to the comparatively moderate amount of sixpence in the pound. The accompanying suggestion that sixpence is the natural or normal rate of duty is perhaps an arbitrary assumption; but, as future Chancellors of the Exchequer will not be bound by Mr. GOSCHEN's opinion, the question need not be discussed for the present. It is certain that the Income-taxpayer is entitled to immediate consideration. For many years it has been his fortune to supply all deficiencies in the revenue; and he would be the first and the greatest sufferer by any extraordinary demand on the public purse. Every new addition to the Income-tax increases its inequality. Lord ADDINGTON and a few consistent devotees of an obsolete theory complain on all occasions of the supposed injustice of a tax upon earnings. It has been found impossible to convince them of the demonstrable truth that a permanent and invariable Income-tax would adjust itself with the nicest accuracy to the equal incidence of the burden. The incomes earned in professions and trades are as permanent as rent or interest of money, though the persons of the recipients may be more frequently changed. An equal tax extending over a long term of years would be levied on those who earned it at the time, and the contributions of the Bar, the medical profession, or the Stock Exchange would be in proportion to a collective income, perpetually renewed. Injustice arises when the rate of duty varies at short intervals. A trader who had pursued his occupation only during the three or four years of the Crimean War must have paid ten to fifteenpence in the pound out of his whole receipts, although his successor

ten years later would only pay a third of the amount. Mr. GOSCHEN apparently wishes to make the percentage more uniform by aiming at a rate which would, according to his scheme, last for several years. He probably disapproves of the facility with which the rate has been frequently raised, and of the delay which has followed when a reduction might have been possible. His opponents will probably complain of the inseparable connexion between the Local Government Bill and the Budget; but any Chancellor of the Exchequer who offered large relief to ratepayers must have made in his financial scheme sufficient provision for the grant. It is not yet known whether the proposed increase of the Succession-duty will meet with opposition. For reasons which were briefly stated by Mr. GOSCHEN, the duty on real property causes greater inconvenience than an equal charge on personality.

AUTHORITIES ON THE NAVY.

WE do not know how it may be with other people, but we are becoming rather tired of comments on the state of the navy. The subject is not what we complain of. That is abundantly interesting; but what is talked and written about it is rapidly approximating, in point of confusion, contradiction, and inconclusiveness, to the level of notes on SHAKESPEARE'S plays. There is not only no agreement as to the meaning of words among the disputants, but no attempt even to secure one. In a general way we know that official gentlemen will draw a pleasing picture of the condition of the fleet, and that naval officers will — the said official gentlemen in heaps. So much is certain; but beyond it there is nothing to rely on. Within the last few days Mr. FORWOOD has been speaking, and various naval gentlemen have been writing, and it is hard to believe that they have been dealing with the same force, so different does it look in their respective pictures. Mr. FORWOOD is eminently official as against the naval officers, though he can be severe and independent enough when he has to do with the extravagance of the dockyards. He is perfectly entitled to speak up for the civilian element in the Admiralty, and the partisans of administration by experts will find that he does it well. But that quarrel is as good as fought out, and indeed never did greatly interest anybody outside the profession. What we should like to get from Mr. FORWOOD would be something to show that the Admiralty has a distinct idea of what the navy would have to do in war, and of how far it is able to do it. Unfortunately, he is so far from giving any such thing, that his speech rather seems to prove the existence of a good deal of confusion in the Parliamentary official mind.

Speaking as an official, and also as a shipowner, Mr. FORWOOD contrived to come, if not actually to, then to within touch of, a downright contradiction in terms on the subject of the protection of commerce at sea. We have his word for it that hard-headed practical men in the shipping business do not expect that any fleet can protect the 8,000 British ships on their homeward-bound voyages, and the 8,000 outward-bound vessels. This is good and self-denying of them; but then, on the other hand, they do expect, and have a right to demand, that "we shall provide a fleet more than sufficient to watch, and I hope destroy, every war vessel of a possible enemy." This is quite a different story; and how does Mr. FORWOOD suppose that the second of these things can be done without including the first? We should be glad to know that we have a fleet capable of watching and destroying every possible enemy. If it is there its existence can surely be demonstrated. Mr. FORWOOD declares that in 1891 England will have eighty sea-going cruisers, as against fifty-nine of other Powers. This practice of comparing what we will have with what others will have a few years hence is rather misleading at a time when war may break out in a week. But, even if it is allowed, on what does Mr. FORWOOD base his statement? It is only a few days since Lord CHARLES BERESFORD was making a very different estimate; and both cannot be right. The melancholy truth is that all these estimates are utterly fallacious; for on each side ships are included or ruled out according to the views of the gentleman who makes them. Nobody has yet settled what a "sea-going cruiser" really means, nor what amount of speed it ought to possess, nor what degree of slowness or other weakness ought to cause a ship to be struck off the active list. If we may read a little between the lines of Mr. FORWOOD'S speech, it would seem that the Admiralty itself is not quite sure in its

own mind that our force of cruisers is sufficient. All this talk, at least, about the difficulty of knowing what the protection of commerce would be in practice looks very much as if the official mind was terribly uncertain. The course to take, supposing this to be so, would seemingly be to build many more cruisers, and that quickly, and moreover to build them up to the level of the *Reina Regente*, which has just steamed from Glasgow to Ferrol at the rate of nineteen knots an hour. This course, however, is not to be taken. We have pleasing official comparisons instead, and we doubt whether professional criticism is of sufficient calibre to drive the Admiralty out of its position. It is some consolation to be reminded by Admiral FANSHAW that the quarrel between the department and the officers is not new, and that we have got along in spite of it. The Admiral quotes some figures of Sir JOHN BARROW'S in the Appendix to the Life of ANSON to show that in 1838 the navy was relatively stronger than it is now. He does not add that Sir JOHN collected those statistics in order to answer naval officers who were publishing pamphlets to show that the French were getting ahead of us, and that the very Russians were preparing a fleet in the Baltic at which we might tremble. Perhaps some future Admiral FANSHAW will quote Mr. FORWOOD to crush some future Lord GEORGE HAMILTON.

THE SESSION TO EASTER.

THE first six weeks of the Session have been fully occupied, first with party squabbles and afterwards with large projects of legislation. Little more than a fortnight was devoted to repetition within the House of Commons of the invectives which had been delivered on a hundred platforms during the recess. All that remains in the general memory is the strength of language characteristic of the Irish Nationalists and their English allies, and the impression that both in the goodness of his cause and in his own growing skill and vigour Mr. BALFOUR was a match for his assailants. From his colleagues, with the occasional exception of Mr. GOSCHEN, he received but little assistance in debate. Perhaps they thought it useless to prolong a controversy in which it was difficult to say anything new; but it must be confessed that most of the Ministers in the House of Commons are not distinguished as Parliamentary gladiators. Mr. STANHOPE and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON display much ability in defending the administration of their respective departments. Mr. RITCHIE has founded a reputation on his exposition of the complicated Local Government Bill, and Mr. GOSCHEN has only one superior as a debater on either side of the House. Mr. SMITH, who has never professed to be an orator, has succeeded beyond expectation as leader. Good sense, good temper, and knowledge of business and of the rules of the House appear to be popular qualities. On the other side, Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Mr. PARNELL have directed many attacks against the Government. Even the political enemies of Mr. GLADSTONE appreciate the unabated energy with which he takes a principal part in debate, and animates his party. His chief lieutenant's powers of debate and declamation still suggest a feeling of regret that he should not have taken service on the other side. Mr. PARNELL has on two or three occasions superseded his irresponsible subordinates; and they have been compelled under his authority to suspend their habits of obstruction. Mr. O'BRIEN was exceptionally favoured by permission to expound his personal experiences and his devices for evasion or defiance of the law. His speech was not without rhetorical merit; but its most remarkable peculiarity was the reception which it met from the official Opposition. Mr. GLADSTONE ostentatiously exhibited his admiring sympathy with the vituperator of Mr. BALFOUR, although only two or three years have passed since he was himself denounced by the same foul-mouthed declaimer under the nickname of WILLIAM JUDAS GLADSTONE. Forgiveness of injuries may sometimes be a virtue, but not when the pardon of a libeller is purchased by his not less scandalous calumnies on the enemy of his former victim.

After the experience of last year, the waste of two or three weeks of the Session almost formed a topic of congratulation. The debates on the Address conveyed no particle of information to hearers or readers, but it was felt that they might have been indefinitely prolonged. The Government was anxious to introduce several important measures, and for once Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers concurred in their laudable desire. The Opposition hoped,

and still hopes, by facilitating legislation to loosen the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists, and perhaps to create a schism in the Ministerial party. When the leaders of the Opposition announced their purpose of discontinuing obstruction during the present Session they had no means of knowing whether the Local Government Bill would be founded on household suffrage. If the Government, having once determined on a great organic change, had fallen into the mistake of making it incomplete, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL would have justified their foresight by pouncing on a fatal defect in the measure. They must now content themselves with the chance of the rejection of the Bill by the party which naturally regards it with dislike or regret. Mr. LONG's speech at Devizes may probably have shown them that they are about to incur a second disappointment; but they have still some possibilities in reserve. Notice has been given by a professed Liberal-Unionist of a resolution for the inclusion of Ireland in the Bill; and the injudicious application of the measure to the metropolis may probably, unless the obnoxious clauses are withdrawn, furnish occasions for formidable attacks on the Government. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Radicals cannot openly condemn the principle of a measure which they only disapprove because they would gladly have proposed it themselves if they had been in office. Their course would have been simpler if the Government had abstained from sweeping legislation. That their hostility is in no degree abated was proved by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's unwise attempt to derive party profit from the Trafalgar Square riots. The considerable majority by which the motion was rejected imperfectly represented the contemptuous disgust with which the respectable part of the community regarded the patronage of disorder. It was wholly unnecessary to inquire whether any mob assembled on political pretences had an indefeasible right to the monopoly of public thoroughfares. If the law had been so absurdly defective, the first duty of the Government would have been to pass a remedial Act.

The Ministers have made a good beginning of the Parliamentary year; but their supporters must not forget that they have taken upon themselves large responsibilities which they have still to discharge. Mr. RITCHIE has put on his harness and shown that it fits him; but he will be too prudent to boast till he has put it off. His Bill was printed and circulated a few days ago, and the immediate impression of those who have attempted to study it is that it is difficult to understand, and more difficult to estimate at its true value. The reception with which the general scheme has met must have satisfied the Government of its wise discretion in following the precedent of the Municipal Corporations Act. The social and material differences between towns and rural districts can scarcely be elucidated by discussion. No political prophet can foresee whether the gentry will be willing to take part in county administration, or whether they will be chosen for local office by the constituencies. Conjectures in these and similar subjects will supply little matter for debate. To many possible objections it will be a sufficient reply that any provision which may be impugned has been taken from the Corporation Acts. One argument for the Bill will perhaps not be publicly urged. A main cause of the tolerable success of urban Corporations has been the great administrative ability of many of their permanent officers. The counties will, if their Councils are well advised, spare neither trouble nor expense in obtaining the services of the best professional advisers. The Town-clerks of the great provincial cities are the depositories of municipal and local tradition, and when, as is generally the case, they possess considerable ability, they have in their hands the training and the guidance of successive generations of their nominal employers. Clerks of the peace or County-clerks ought to have equal qualifications and to exercise the same beneficial influence. Other officers, such as surveyors and architects, possess similar opportunities, and it is an important consideration that the paid staff for the most part stands comparatively apart from political conflicts. A lawyer or engineer who is worth his salt regards professional considerations as prior to party or prejudice. An elected councillor is more likely to be an agitator, a jobber, or perhaps a fanatical bigot. There is too much reason to fear that the nominees of temperance factions or of their opponents may be preferred at elections to the best men of business.

The only important Acts which have been passed are Mr. GOSCHEN's Bills for the Conversion of the Debt. In point of form they are classed among legislative proceedings, but

they are really official measures. The credit of the remarkable success which has been achieved belongs to Mr. GOSCHEN, and probably, in part, to the skilled officials whom he must have consulted. When the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the City are agreed the community at large accepts their authority, and Parliament is conscious of its own incapacity to review the action of the competent authorities. Mr. CHILDERS with creditable candour acknowledged the superior skill and good fortune of a successor who had, as he truly said, taken advantage of more favourable circumstances. Purists in search of a ground of objection were obliged to content themselves with a conscientious scruple as to the small payment to be made to bankers. The pittance was called a commission, and some commissions of an entirely different kind are illegitimate and even fraudulent. Rigorous Parliamentary logicians consequently arrived at the conclusion that the payment without which the whole scheme might have broken down was analogous to the present which a tradesman sometimes makes to his customer's butler. Mr. GOSCHEN was probably much more anxious to learn the decision of the Fund-holders than to satisfy his House of Commons critics. The quotations of the Stock Exchange must soon have satisfied him of the absence of all impediment to his operations. His Budget will certainly pass, probably with some alteration; but he will not meet with the same unanimity which was allotted his measure of Conversion. Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps have exhausted his limited store of indulgence to his adversaries, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will wish to remind the House that he also has been Chancellor of the Exchequer. It may be doubted whether either of them will produce an apter criticism than Mr. CHAPLIN's broad assertion that no occupant of the Treasury Bench knew a horse from a cow. If the Ministers had cultivated rural sympathies, they would perhaps have induced Mr. GOSCHEN to remit the tax upon wheels and on waggons, which will irritate and annoy every farmer in the kingdom. The resident in the country will be still more troubled by a plague of vagrants, affecting to pursue the occupation of unlicensed hawkers; but it is not necessary on the present occasion to discuss the details of the Budget. If the Ministers can end the Session, four or five months hence, as creditably as they have begun it, they will have done much to justify and confirm their position.

WOMEN AND WORK.

THE pretty antithetical view of the labour market expressed in the burden "Men must work and women must weep" is already utterly discredited. Masterful parents, and still more masterful single ladies, have gathered in overwhelming voice to spurn the base conclusion of the poet. The generous columns of the *Daily Telegraph* during the week are given over to eloquent and convincing letters from all sorts of people intent on showing that women must work. There is a fine practical tone about the majority of the correspondence on "Our Daughters." A little wailing here and there, and perhaps a touch of despair, but never a hint of weeping, is discernible in these frank and suggestive revelations of struggling worth. It is not a little remarkable that Mr. WALTER BESANT's article on the Endowment of the Daughter, in *Longman's Magazine*, meets with scant approval. Perhaps it is due to misapprehension of his views, or it may be the natural indignation of the self-reliant, that Mr. BESANT's scheme of endowment is considered by one writer as "too Utopian," while another expresses little sympathy with him because he "regrets 'that woman must work.'" Almost all these good people who discuss "Our Daughters" agree on this point. They say in the clearest language "Women must work." Some go further by inferring that women must work even if they compel some men to give place to them. Now, Mr. BESANT does not say that women must not work. He laments the necessity, if it exists. By his scheme of deferred annuities, readily obtainable on easy terms, he shows a preferable way to relieve burdened households. He would have girls work, if they desire to work, but "not—oh! not—because they must." Some of those who refer to Mr. BESANT do not appear to have mastered his article. Others think there exists a limitless field for the enterprise of single women in the professions and trades. Others fondly imagine that the problem is solved by girls obtaining clerkships at lower salaries than young men receive, forgetting that the united family income is lowered and not raised by this

cheapening process. If ever young women succeed in filling mercantile offices and the like, it can only be by accepting inferior wages and at the expense of their brothers. It is well enough in fathers of seven or eight daughters to show a smiling face, but parents blessed with a better regulated quiver might well quail at the prospect. Indigent gentlemen when they write to the papers become by a natural transition indignant gentlemen. One enthusiastic lady wanders from the subject with the laudable desire to interpret a recent letter from Mr. RUSKIN on the unmanliness of what she scornfully calls the "nobler" sex. Another—surely a hopeful soul—agrees with "the lady who writes so nicely from Brockley" in wishing to promote a conference on the subject of woman's work. Here, again, it would seem that Mr. BESANT's services enjoy but slight renown in the suburbs. Many women with loving hearts are wanted to devise some plan that would give women "a fair chance." The proposition is exquisitely vague, and is not likely to lead to anything but a new Babel.

What is meant by "a fair chance" is tolerably evident, to judge from the greater number of these spirited correspondents. Employers should be prepared to regard women competing for work with men as equal to them in capacity and endurance. Something more is meant than that "general intelligence" which Mr. BESANT regards as the possession of the average girl. And young men, moreover, must brace themselves for the arduous struggle with an Orinoco rush of what a brutal "Single Man" calls "female labour." We are threatened with the worst of all conceivable forms of competition. "The men are armed, and for the fight prepare; And now we must instruct and arm the Fair." There seems to be a general impression that women are handicapped by certain artificial restraints or antiquated prejudices which must one day be swept away. Few writers in the discussion on "Our Daughters" refer to natural disabilities or to their willingness or obligation to work for lower wages than are commanded by men. No one is better qualified to instruct and arm parents and daughters alike than Mr. BESANT, but he hesitates to encourage young women to engage in a conflict that can only end in disaster to the majority of them. "If," says Mr. BESANT, "we open the Civil Service to women, we take so many posts from the men which we give to the women at a lower salary." And what is true of the Civil Service is true of all kinds of clerkships in the commercial world. Should this kind of competition become general and successful, the benefit to people with large families of boys and girls would be extremely doubtful. The strange case, cited by "A Single Man," of the male clerk ousted by a cheaper German or young lady, "possibly through no fault of his own," might, after being common enough, become in the end impossible by the sheer repression of the man. Mr. BESANT lays proper stress on the limits of competition. His scheme for the endowment of daughters is perfectly feasible, as well as a sound precautionary measure. The purchase of the small annuity he cites, as an example of what it is in the power of most parents to effect, would provide a genuine stay for a young woman who is obliged to work. It would be an excellent stimulus, and inspire courage and confidence. Mr. BESANT observes, with excellent force, that it took many years to persuade people of "the duty of life insurance." It may take as long to make his scheme of endowing daughters acceptable to men with large families; but we cannot doubt it will, in the end, have excellent results.

M. FLOQUET'S CABINET.

THE sudden fall of M. TIRARD's Ministry and the formation of a new Cabinet by M. FLOQUET are, no doubt, conspicuous events enough, but they have changed nothing in the position of affairs in France. At the outside, they only note progress. It has been the French custom for long to upset somebody whenever anything unpleasant happens or is discovered. M. FERRY was turned out of office because a column of French troops had been roughly handled in Tonquin in the course of carrying out a policy repeatedly approved of by the Chamber. M. GRÉVY was forced to resign because certain scandals in which nobody supposed he was personally concerned were discovered by accident. It was a matter of course that the election in the Aisne should trip up the heels of M. TIRARD. Nothing

could be more annoying than that General BOULANGER should start up from the box he was supposed to be shut into tight. The event was most unpleasant to the majority of the Chamber, and as it could not get at General BOULANGER, or the voters of the Aisne, it knocked down M. TIRARD, who, after all, was only put there to be knocked down. The particular question on which he was upset matters little. Four-and-twenty hours earlier eight Republican deputies out of ten would unquestionably have declared that there was no need for a revision of the Constitution; but on Saturday the Chamber was suffering from incipient hysterics. It was disposed to tear its cap, and scream at the maids. So it voted for a revision, and would have voted for anything else which was likely to produce a crash, and so relieve its nerves. In a week or less it will probably be whooping on the hearth-rug, and will remain there till it is revived by a bucket of cold water.

Only an extreme dearth of other matter could justify the use of more than a very little type on such a subject as the character and prospects of M. FLOQUET's Ministry. This gentleman has been marked out for the place of Premier for some time, mainly because the French, who are a very conservative people in their habits, have been accustomed of late years to think that the Presidency of the Chamber entitles the occupant of the chair to high office, and gives him some mysterious superiority. Nothing else is known of him to justify any confidence in his capacity. The most remarkable incident in his life supplied M. HALÉVY with a model for the great feat performed at Rome by the immortal M. CARDINAL. His colleagues have all given their measure or are absolutely obscure office-seekers. M. PEYTRAL, Minister of Finance, has amply proved himself an especially incompetent financier. M. GOBLET, who goes to the Foreign Office, has established a character for bad manners and bad temper. The jerky frivolity of M. LOCKROY, the honest nullity of Admiral KRANTZ, and the obscurity of all the others, except one, are familiar. The one exception is, however, considerable. M. DE FREYCINET goes to the War Office—to keep MM. PEYTRAL and GOBLET in countenance. This appointment is amazing, if any incident of contemporary French politics can amaze. M. DE FREYCINET is not only a civilian, which is of itself enough to disqualify him for the office in France, but his name is associated with the worst follies of the Provisional Government at Tours. There is probably not an officer in the French army who does not believe that M. DE FREYCINET's vanity and ignorant meddling with the generals in the field did much to aggravate the disasters of the army of the Loire. To appoint such a man to such a post at this time looks like the mere wantonness of folly. It is perhaps polite to comment on this Ministry's probable policy, but the politeness is entirely wasted. M. FLOQUET's Cabinet cannot live, and, therefore, it is superfluous to inquire what it will do. The Chamber is already so eager to begin pulling it down that the recess has been cut short, and the election of M. MÉLINE to the Presidency of the Chamber shows that the Moderates are already thoroughly well scared by the Radical victory. M. FLOQUET's Ministerial programme shows that he is a Radical prepared to abolish anything, and completely master of the stock phrases of his party. The recess will secure it a fortnight's life, and then the scrambling of a swarm of little parties, composed of fluent little men, will begin again and go on till a dissolution, regular or irregular, suspends it for a time. No government can possibly be conducted with such a body as the French Chamber. In general level of ability it is distinctly lower than, but in other respects it reproduces very fairly, the legislative body which smoothed the way for the *Coup d'état* of 1851. There are the same irreconcilable divisions, the same spirit of intrigue, the same stupid devotion to shibboleths, and, to complete the resemblance, there is "a man of destiny outside." It remains to be seen whether the country is so enamoured of this state of things as to agree with the deputies that "it should continue and increase rather than that they, beautiful Republican creatures, should cease to have the guidance of it."

UNIONISTS ON THE SITUATION.

THAT "great but mistaken prophet," as the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE so well described him, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, has hardly honoured the public platform at all, we believe, since the delivery of his last imposing but infelicitous oracle. In this, no doubt, he is

wisely advised. If you have prophesied the almost immediate death of a political party, and it thereupon immediately begins to display quite remarkable signs of increasing health and vigour, it is just as well to go into retirement for a season, even though your very silence may cause a malicious political adversary to "wonder how you feel now." That, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH has just told his constituents of West Bristol, is the sentiment which fills his mind as he reflects on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's present position—and which, it must be owned, is an extremely natural one in the circumstances. For, of course, it is not only the disastrous defeat of the prophet's electoral predictions which he has to contemplate, but also the highly disconcerting probability that the Parliamentary successes of the Government will, of themselves, tend to make these predictions fly wider and wider of the mark. If Doncaster and Deptford were so thoroughly satisfied with a Unionist Administration a month or so ago, when Ministers had had little more than time to show good intentions, what is likely to be the feeling of these and other constituencies now that Ministers can point to that list of legislative achievements to which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was quite justified in referring the other night in such terms of pride? Probably the vote in the Gower Division of Glamorganshire supplies the correct answer to that question. The difference produced by the Ministerial exploits in legislation is likely to amount to this—that, whereas before those exploits the Unionist cause throughout England was fully holding its own, it is since then beginning to attract converts from Separation even in gallant little Gladstonian Wales.

We have no intention whatever of assuming the mantle which has slipped so untowardly from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's shoulder, and we therefore only throw out this last observation in a purely conjectural spirit. How the performances of the Government may be viewed by the electorate the next time it falls to any constituency to express an opinion is a question which we would rather leave it to events to settle. But, though we do not say that Ministers will command success at the polls in virtue of their services to the country in Parliament, we do not hesitate to agree with Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Mr. CAINE, Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, and other legitimately rejoicing Unionists, that they, on that ground alone, and apart from their claims to credit as the restorers of law and order in Ireland, thoroughly deserve it. And in saying this we, for the moment, leave the Local Government Bill out of the question as a measure which has not yet reached a sufficiently advanced stage to justify positive assertions as to its future. It would be enough that Ministers have almost at a stroke accomplished the correction of those abuses in the House of Commons which have defied so many previous reforms of procedure; that they have, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH says, successfully carried through the largest and most beneficial financial operation ever attempted by a Chancellor of the Exchequer in this present generation; and that they have, to quote Mr. CAINE, disposed of the largest surplus that has accrued for fifteen years, by fulfilling that hope of reducing the interest on the National Debt which Mr. GLADSTONE has so long cherished in vain. Unionists, whether Liberal, Conservative, or Radical, are justified in some modest exultation over a record which promises so well for the popularity of their common party. So pleasant is it to contemplate, that even Mr. T. W. RUSSELL has been mollified by the survey, and admits that the Government "has a programme for Great Britain, of which he thoroughly approves." As to Ireland, he does not, he of course adds, profess to approve of some of the acts of the Government. He was against the appointment of Colonel KING-HARMAN as Under-Secretary; he regrets the action of Ministers in regard to "arrears of rent," and "their Land Commission Bill would have to be greatly modified before it could be accepted by the representatives of the Irish people." But, these drawbacks admitted, the Government, he was good enough to say, is "sound on the great question of the Union," and, though differing with them on these details of their administration, he did not think it his duty to obstruct their progress. In spite, that is to say, of their having declined to give an inequitable preference to the gombeen-man's claim on the defaulting tenant as against that of the landlord, and in spite of their having appointed Colonel KING-HARMAN Under-Secretary instead of—well, instead of somebody better fitted for the post, Mr. T. W. RUSSELL does not think it his duty to transfer his support from them to a party which is pledged to break up the United Kingdom. Which for Mr. T. W. RUSSELL is a considerable concession.

To Mr. CAINE, as may be supposed, the latest legislation

of the Government is the most acceptable. He positively basks in the political warmth which has been diffused by it over a Radicalism grown somewhat chilly from want of sustenance during the past twelve months. "Last Session," he said, addressing his constituents at Barrow, "the burden of the bargain was felt most heavily by the Liberal Unionists; but this Session it was their turn to go lightly rejoicing in the hope of the fulfilment of some of those measures that had been the object of Liberal aspiration for years past." We have no objection whatever to Mr. CAINE's "going as lightly" as mental and physical conditions will allow, but we venture to object to his displaying such lightness of heart as is implied in his remark about "the disestablishment of the country squire." Of course in so strictly technical a sense of the phrase as that the justices of the peace are to be deprived of their *ex officio* right to administer county affairs, they may be said, and the class of country gentlemen from which they are principally, but by no means exclusively, drawn, may be said, to have been "disestablished." But if, and in so far as, that word is intended to convey any idea of effacement, of the annihilation of local influence and importance, we suggest to Mr. CAINE to consider whether the remark is not somewhat premature. He himself notes with satisfaction that Sir RICHARD PAGET, "the typical Tory country squire, warmly approved the main features of the Bill," and it would be superfluous generosity on his part to suppose that Sir RICHARD PAGET was merely patriotically rejoicing over the exclusion of his own order from local public life. If Mr. CAINE holds—we put it hypothetically, for his language does not necessarily imply it—that, after the Local Government Bill is passed, he will hear no more of the "squires" in the work of county administration, we cannot do better than refer him to the opinion expressed on the same subject by an authority of so much more weight, with all respect to Mr. CAINE, than himself on such a point, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. We are not without doubts of our own as to the extent to which the county populations themselves will benefit by the proposed changes; but we entirely sympathize with the spirit in which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH and Mr. WALTER LONG counsel the existing controllers of county administration to accept it; and we are disposed to think that it is, not the rulers, but the ruled, who have most reason for anxiety as to the results of the reform. As regards the prospects of the former, there is undoubtedly very great force in Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's remark that men who have taken a prominent part in Quarter Sessions, or as Chairmen of Finance Committees of their counties, are constantly chosen under household suffrage by those whose local affairs they manage to represent them in the House of Commons. "Depend upon it," continued the speaker, "that, if they continue in the future, as I believe they will, to work for their country as they have done in the past, they will be as active as ever and more powerful in county government as members of a County Council than ever they have been as members of Quarter Sessions." We sincerely hope that these anticipations may prove well founded, and we certainly quite agree that the surest way of fulfilling them—indeed, that an essential condition of their fulfilment—is for the English squires to accept the legislation of the Government in the spirit which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH himself shows, and which he recommends to them.

POPES AND BISHOPS.

IT is at any rate congruous that ecclesiastical subjects should be discussed at Easter, and two of the subjects which have helped to fill the daily newspapers, at a time when it is necessary for daily newspapers rather to look about for filling materials, have been very ecclesiastical. Into some parts of the discussion about renewing regular relations with the Vatican it is not necessary to enter. The statutable and historical aspect of the question is of less than usual importance, though it is quite natural that Lord GRANVILLE and other persons who can say *pars fui* should take trouble to set it in what they conceive to be the true light. But the question is really one which requires almost a minimum of historical considerations, though it certainly requires a maximum of consideration of actual political facts. The POPE is not, and, except in some entirely changed order of things, is not likely to be, a temporal Sovereign; nor, though we know there are some not despicable judges who think differently, is he likely soon to be the head of a world-wide political organization of any kind. What he is is something very different; but, as it happens,

something almost as important to us. He is the spiritual head, with a direct power of interfering in organization not wholly spiritual, of a large and, fortunately, for the most part very loyal section of HER MAJESTY's subjects in England, of a very much larger and, unfortunately, very disloyal section of HER MAJESTY's subjects in Ireland. It is idle to say that the QUEEN is ecclesiastically and spiritually, as well as civilly, the head of these persons as well as of members of the Churches of England and Ireland. It may have been a very great pity that that conception was ever given up; but by Catholic Emancipation it was given up, and it is absurd not to recognize the fact. The recognition of it leads straight to the conclusion that it is in the highest degree impractical to have no formal means of communication with the POPE, and both undignified and inconvenient to have to supply the want of such communications by extemporized, irregular, and anomalous agencies.

The objections offered to the regularization of the position in some Gladstonian quarters are, of course, not surprising; it is more remarkable that they seem to have found an echo in quarters where political loyalty and political intelligence are less questionable. For the whole thing comes to this—that you never gain anything, and never can gain anything, by blinking accomplished facts. No Englishman wants the help of the POPE in governing Ireland; but he must be a rather foolish Englishman who, because of a point of etiquette about premonitions, or out of antediluvian Protestant hatred of the Scarlet Woman, or out of petulant touchiness as to "interference," fails to see that it would be a very good thing if the Government of the country could have such a say in the appointment of Irish Roman Catholic bishops as every foreign country has, and that some part, at any rate, of the present woes of Ireland are due to the childish system of pretending not to see the POPE which has prevailed so long. At present the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy, no doubt with honourable exceptions, is the very worst example of an organized priesthood to be found anywhere in the world, from Thibet to Paraguay—ignorant, prejudiced, disloyal to the State, given to the constant countenancing of vices and crimes far more heinous than the vices and crimes with which of old time certain priesthoods have been chargeable, or at least charged. Nor is it the POPE's fault. He hears the lies; we will not tell him the truth. He has the mischievous persons presented to him for selection; we will not help him to reject them and choose the good ones. And so we naturally get prelates of a well-known type, with the natural further result that the characters and sentiments of such prelates are reflected and exaggerated downwards till we come to those disgraces to Christianity and to humanity who sometimes figure at evictions and on platforms. That all this could be stopped at once, or even stopped in course of time, by accrediting an envoy to the POPE, is, of course, impossible; it is at least equally impossible that some good should not be done by such a proceeding. To represent the attempt to purify the present source of infection as a confession that we cannot govern Ireland is almost as unreasonable as to represent the anxiety of a householder to prevent the pollution at the source of a stream that runs through his garden as a confession that he cannot keep his own premises clean. We cannot keep Romish priests out of Ireland; we can, at least if we choose, exercise some influence to prevent the belief that the patronage of sedition, murder, and robbery is a passport not only to popularity at home, but to favour at Rome. If, as Colonel WARING's letter seems to show, it is the fact that the offence given to the Protestants of the North would be greater than the advantage gained in securing, at any rate to some extent, the exclusion or discouragement of disreputable clergy in the South and West, that, of course, would be a reason for pausing. But it would be a reasonable argument, like the arguments for the innovation, and not, like the confession-of-weakness argument and the foreign-potentate argument, utterly unreasonable.

It is not a long step from the POPE to Lord GRIMTHORPE, because both are, according to some good authorities, infallible; nor is it a long step from the POPE to the English Bench of Bishops, because both, according to other good authorities, cannot possibly do anything right. Perhaps we should count Lord GRIMTHORPE himself among both our sets of authorities; it is certain that he always worries a bishop with as much natural-enemy feeling as SYDNEY SMITH himself, though with considerably less wit and good temper. At any rate, he is a good deal less at sea here than in his unlucky apologies for homœopathy or homœopaths. We are not far from agreeing with him in his summary

condemnation of the disciplinary legislation as far as the Church is concerned of the last half-century, and he is certainly right in many of his fault-findings with the measure now before Parliament. It has a bad history in all ways, from its not indistinct origin in the mongrel Church reform schemes of the present Archbishop of CANTERBURY to its latest appearance in the House of Lords last month. But we are entirely unable to share Lord GRIMTHORPE's extraordinary jealousy, less explicable than that of SYDNEY SMITH himself, of episcopal authority as such. The talk about the Bishop "wanting to get rid of" him [a clergyman] for other reasons is what, if it had been used by somebody else, and if Lord GRIMTHORPE were criticizing it, Lord GRIMTHORPE would himself certainly call "nonsense." To begin with, bishops are seldom fiends and not always fools; in the second place, in a modern diocese there are far too many clergymen for a bishop to have, except in very exceptional circumstances, any personal prejudices against individuals; and, in the third place, with newspapers and suchlike things about, a case of persecution or oppression is certain to be even more awkward for the bishop who "gets rid" than for the clergyman who is got rid of. And if a bishop is not to have a part, and a very considerable part, in managing and disciplining his diocese, we really do not see why there should be bishops at all or what they exist for. It is doubtless very discreditable to English law that the present methods of getting rid of clergymen who are in different ways a scandal or a nuisance or a burden to the Church should be so slow, so costly, and so ineffective. Lord GRIMTHORPE has shown, what was not difficult to show, that the last device for curing this state of things is a bad device. But that is not the same thing as providing a better. We are neither bound nor prepared to draft a better ourselves offhand. Yet we certainly think that when it is found it will not be found in curtailing the bishop's authority in any way, but in enlarging it very considerably, and providing at the same time that the bishop shall be under complete and prompt responsibility for its exercise.

THE CAUCUS AND ITS CHILDREN.

WE are of course disposed, in the Unionist interest alone, to welcome the action which has just been taken, at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's instance, by the Executive Committee of the National Radical Union. Judging from the accounts given of the present composition of the Divisional Councils of the Birmingham Liberal Association, it was certainly high time that the Liberal-Unionists should withdraw from that body. Now that their representation upon these Councils is reduced to absolute insignificance, it would lead, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN pointed out, to very mischievous misconceptions if they were to remain. Were they to do so, or at least were they to continue to take part in the proceedings of the Association, the country would imagine, whenever they brought forward their resolutions and amendments for certain defeat, that the result of the voting gave correct indications of the strength of Liberal-Unionism in Birmingham. On the other hand, to continue nominal members of the body, and to absent themselves from its deliberations, would produce practically the same effect. The public would infer, and infer rightly, that they did not oppose the resolutions of the Separatists because they were too weak to do so; and from this, of course, the same mistaken deduction would be drawn as to their corresponding weakness in the constituency. There was undoubtedly only one wise course open to them—namely, to withdraw definitively from a body which misrepresents their opinions, and through them, as they contend, the opinion of the people of Birmingham, and to form a new Liberal-Unionist Association of their own for the town, and to allow the old Association to sink to its proper level of a "mere Home Rule and Parnellite organization."

But, while we view the action with approval from a purely Unionist point of view, we must confess to regarding it also with some satisfaction as a further proof of the essential vices of the electioneering "machine." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stoutly contends that the test of 1886 is still trustworthy, and that the Liberal-Unionists still constitute a great majority of the Liberal party. We see no reason whatever to doubt that this contention is well founded. Every sign by which we are usually able to read the political mind of the country goes to show that it is. Yet, although Liberal-Unionism still holds its preponderance in the country, and though this preponderance was in few places

so well marked and significant as it was in Birmingham, yet the Separatists in that constituency have contrived to exclude them from all share, or from any share worth speaking of, in the representation. How has this been done? For our part we confess that we do not very much care how it has been done. It is good enough for us that the "Association" system has been discredited by such a thing having been proved to be possible. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, of course, has his own explanation of it. "He would only say that the votes for the Divisional Councils had been carried against them at sparsely attended meetings into which their opponents had imported bodies of adherents, many of whom were non-Liberals, non-voters, or under age; and some of whom were induced to attend by means which he would not describe, but would only say of them that they were non-political." These, it may be said, are irregularities which, if they occurred, are not due to any inherent faults in the system. Possibly that may be so; but it is sufficient for our purpose if, by these or by any other means, the organization shows itself, as it continually does show itself, apt to yield a totally false impression of the political opinion of constituencies, and to give an answer only to the question which party contains the most unscrupulous and dexterous practitioners of the arts of wirepulling and intrigue. The Gladstonians may reject Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's explanation, but they cannot for a moment pretend that the machine has not, somehow or other, worked in a fashion which, however satisfactory to themselves, is absolutely misleading as an index to opinion. This success has been too great; for, since they cannot suppose that the "reaction" they prate about can really have spread so far as to prevent any Liberal-Unionists from obtaining a seat on the Divisional Council "except by accident," such a complete rout of their opponents would, if genuinely brought about, involve an inference a little too good to be true. We feel safe, therefore, in preferring our own inference—which is that the Caucus is devouring its children.

A CASE OF ARBITRATION?

THE fable of the fly on the wheel was written in vain for very many, and notably for the Peace and Arbitration Union. It may possibly be that, if the members of the remarkable body had read the instructive story of the insect, they would not have solemnly informed Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that the Society "had been in existence forty years, and during the course of its life there had been no fewer than sixty cases successfully settled by arbitration." A very good-natured interpreter might persuade himself that the Society does not necessarily see any connexion between its own existence and the happy settlement of those sixty disputes; but it is to be feared that he would therein flatter the Peace and Arbitration Union. This great body is much more likely to be firmly convinced that it has in some way persuaded Governments which never heard of its existence not to fight over things not thought worth fighting about. If it were not very cocksure of its own importance, it could hardly have sent a deputation to Highbury, near Birmingham, last Wednesday, to congratulate Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It obviously never expected to be met with the inquiry—Who, in the name of ZERNEBOCK, art thou? Another explanation of its activity might be found in the desire of the Peace and Arbitration Union for a puff; but that would be malicious. The persons who form Societies of this kind are far too well assured of their own importance, and of the value of their favourite nostrum, to condescend to hunt for puffs. Self-satisfaction is good for something, after all.

The peculiar propriety of the Union's compliment to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is patent from the fact that, whatever his negotiations were, they were not a case of arbitration. It is a mere detail that the negotiations can hardly be said to be complete yet, since the United States Senate has not ratified the treaty. The peculiar beauty of the Union's haste to score a success is independent of the ratification. It is due to the fact that there was no arbitration in the matter. Indeed, if any one is in search of a modern instance of the futility of that much-praised resource, he could hardly find a better than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's mission. Both sides were too much in earnest, and had too much they were resolved not to surrender, to trust their case to a third party who might be "prejudiced or ignorant." This was the irrelevant description given by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself as possibly applicable to that virtuous person the arbitrator. He used it while he was explaining to the deputation that it was friendly negotiation, and not arbitration, which

had settled this business. What his mission proves is that, when two States see no sufficient reason for going to war, and have a dispute to settle, they can do it by peaceful arrangement. This we knew before. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave the fussy Society such an excellent snub that one is sorry to find him saying very weakly that "in the course of the last fifty years great progress has been made in the direction we desire"—"we" being apparently he and the deputation. Fifty years takes us back to 1838, a peaceful time; but since '48 great wars have occurred every six years or so, and all Europe is now going about in expectation of a greater than any of them. During this time, too, there have been quite a respectable list of treasons, privy conspiracies, and rebellions in half the States of the world, or more. Science has been actively at work improving tools for slaughter, and has succeeded pretty fairly—certainly much better than any Arbitration Society. There is something exquisitely fatuous in the belief of these modern enthusiasts that they have discovered the beauty of peace. If they will read that excellent work, Cox's *Life of Walpole*, they will make the acquaintance of a statesman who sought peace without canting about it, and that successfully. Whether he took the most dignified, and in the long run most profitable, course is another question; but it does not lie in their mouth to condemn him. Then there was a monarch named JAMES I., who was fond of saying Blessed are the peacemakers, and acting on his favourite maxim. Neither did Queen BESS love war for war's sake. It may have escaped the notice of the Union that the Church of England has prayed for peace in our time for some centuries, but it is a fact. With the exception of a madman here and there, nobody does want war if he can obtain his object without it. Unfortunately, that is just the rub. There are some objects which cannot be obtained without fighting, and then we must needs fight, shocking as it may seem to Peace and Arbitration Societies.

THE COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.

THE usually thin attendance in the House of Commons on the first night after a recess may give a certain additional dullness to its proceedings from the newspaper reader's point of view, but it is a circumstance upon which Ministers have, as a rule, some reason to congratulate themselves. On Thursday night it undoubtedly tended to the dispatch of public business in which fairly satisfactory progress was made. Progress, indeed, was the more satisfactory because the first vote which came before the House in Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates is one upon which economists of the school of Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, Mr. PICKERSGILL, and Mr. LABOUCHERE—alas! that such names should have to be coupled; but Mr. LABOUCHERE *l'a voulu*—could hold forth, if they liked, for an absolutely indefinite time. As it was, they tempered their strength with mercy, and, though as unreasonable as usual, were not unreasonably prolix. Mr. PICKERSGILL—"with much iteration," it is said by a Parliamentary summarist who evidently does not know what Mr. PICKERSGILL can do when he tries—demanded the opening of Hampton Court to the public. Mr. CREMER asked that provision should be made for visitors to Kew Gardens to obtain refreshments; and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, with much more reason, we admit, than his fellow-critics, complained of the condition of the trees in Kensington Gardens. Mr. LABOUCHERE, however, was of course the hero of the occasion, as he is in all such encounters with a wickedly wasteful and anti-popular Office of Works. He denounced the extravagant management of the Parks, and moved the reduction of the vote, on which he was defeated by a majority of 95 votes to 53. We are, of course, bound to assume that every beat of "the great heart of the people" is faithfully responded to by a throb under Mr. LABOUCHERE's waistcoat. Were it not for this, we should have said in our blindness that anything less likely to be popular with the class of holiday-makers and pleasure-takers whom Mr. LABOUCHERE professes to represent than the whole body of his criticisms on the management of the Parks it would be difficult to imagine. Perhaps he touched the climax in objecting to the deer in Richmond Park. "Parks," he said, "were made for men and not for deer." With equal truth, as regards quality, apart from extent, of statement, it might be said that Parks were made for men and not for trees. It would be possible, no doubt, by a sufficiently extensive clearance of oaks, beeches, and chest-

nuts in Richmond Park to render it capable of accommodating many more persons than it can at present, and, at the same time, to effect a considerable saving of expense. Will Mr. LABOUCHERE bring forward a motion to that effect next year?

Once more the question of the deficient accommodation of the House has come up for its usual abortive discussion, Mr. LABOUCHERE being again the principal exponent of a grievance which is no doubt, in a certain sense, a real one. The "let-it-alone" side of the case was, however, put by Mr. ADDISON for the first time, so far as we are aware, with considerable point and freshness; and possibly the considerations which he urged may not strike members the less forcibly from having been put forward at the particular moment. Mr. ADDISON and others content with the existing state of things have, in any case, a winning game; for, as Mr. PLUNKET's reply indicated, there is not the least likelihood of any extensive structural alterations in the House being adopted within any reasonable period of time, unless much greater pressure is brought to bear; and, while the practical inconvenience from the grievance is so rare as it is, this pressure is not likely to be forthcoming.

ALPINE WINTER PASTIMES.

IT is hardly possible to conceive of a contrast greater than that which really exists between the deathlike stillness of the hamlets and the merry social life of the smaller Alpine towns in the winter months. In the latter, the whole of the educated classes are drawn together by the chilliness of the season. As work of all kinds is slack, there is plenty of time for amusement, and of this full use is made. This is particularly the case in places that form provincial centres and are fortunate enough to possess a garrison. The recruits who are enrolled in the autumn have to be drilled in order that they may be ready for the work of spring; but the real task of the Alpine regiments, which, for the officers, consists in laying down maps, in leading the men in larger or smaller parties over rocky heights, and in directing their evolutions in apparently pathless wildernesses, becomes impossible as soon as the first heavy snow has fallen, and little remains to be done after the routine of the day has been gone through. The courts of justice remain open; but clients prefer to postpone all business that will admit of delay to travelling for hours through the cold with the chance of being overtaken by a snow-storm before they can return, so that the judge and the notary are not exactly overworked. The great cattle-fairs are over, and when the timber-merchant has given proper orders for the removal and storing of his purchases, he may fold his hands till the spring has fairly come. The foresters are the only persons who seem to be really busy; for, though the work that falls upon the inspector of roads is occasionally very heavy, the daily work of his office is light, as no improvements or new constructions can be undertaken.

There is, therefore, plenty of leisure, and the German-Austrian likes to spend his leisure in a cheerful and sociable way. It is true there are places of the stamp described where discord is the order of the day, where the officers refuse to associate with the townspeople, the schoolmaster and the priest are in conflict, and the wives of the doctor and the notary are at daggers drawn. In such cases the very smallness of the society tends to embitter a quarrel, but they are comparatively rare, at least in Carinthia, where, for the most part, the inhabitants are too intent on enjoying their own lives to trouble themselves about vexing those of others.

The outdoor winter amusements are not very varied, and, to judge from some articles that appeared in the *Saturday Review* a few years ago, they must be very inferior to those of Canada, and much more primitive in their form. Of course where there are lakes there is skating, at least when a town lies near enough to render it probable that the expense of clearing the ice of snow and keeping the surface of preserved parts in due order will be paid. This is not so easy a matter as it at first seems. After the snow has been removed, the surface is usually too rough to attract visitors, and every night frost-blossoms form upon it which may charm the æsthetic passer, but do not appear in quite the same light to the skater who knows that every flower is formed round a small hole which, when the bright frost-leaves have been swept away, is not unlikely to trip him up in the execution of his finest designs. To render the skating-fields attractive, they must be marked off and carefully swept and watered every night. This is generally done by means of hand-buckets, but squirts are occasionally used to secure the perfect glassy equality of surface that skaters love after the rougher work has been done, or when the wear and tear of the day has not been great. Even the ballroom hardly affords such a license and convenient opportunity for flirtation as the skating-grounds, and so it is no wonder that they are popular, and that where lakes do not exist meadows are artificially inundated in order to afford the opportunity for a sport which is at once athletic and social. This is not a matter of great difficulty. When the earth is firmly frozen and the autumn snow has fallen, the latter has only to be firmly beaten down, and then carefully drenched with spring-water for a

few days, to form an excellent skating-place; and such artificial ponds have two advantages—no one can possibly get drowned in them, and they usually lie close to an inn from which warm drinks may be procured, and to which one can always retreat with ease and a good grace if either the material or the emotional atmosphere of the outside world prove too chilly.

Sledging is another winter amusement. In such a place as has been described almost every one possesses a horse and sledge, and the mere suggestion that an excursion might be made is enough to put all in motion. One after another they all start for the appointed goal, which is a village in which the wine is known to be good and the eating at least tolerable. Husbands bring their wives and fathers their daughters with them; and, if there is any doubt as to the nature of the entertainment, both wives and daughters bring hampers that fully supply the host's possible sins of omission. The quick drive through the cold air sharpens one's appetite. Wine is brought and coffee made; all the parties that sit at the long table seem a single family, and if there is a piano and a large room in the house the afternoon drive often ends in a dance that lasts till after midnight. When it breaks up a confusion generally ensues, but there seems to be a certain order in it, as the young people usually find themselves alone together in the same sledges, though their elders follow close behind.

Sometimes an amusement in which the ladies play a smaller part is the purpose and end of a sledging excursion that starts at an earlier hour and has been arranged for days beforehand. This time the object is to reach some village or inn that lies as near as possible to the head of a steep pass. Here the hand-sledges are unpacked, or, if anybody is unfortunate enough not to possess a vehicle of the kind, he hires one for a few pence. In structure these sledges are exactly the same as those used for bringing down timber from the mountains, but they are far smaller and lighter. As soon as every one is seated the race begins. Usually it is a mere rush downhill, in which the pleasure of rapid motion is rather enhanced by the probability of a collision and a consequent fall in the snow; but occasionally it is conducted on more serious principles. Two umpires are appointed, one of whom starts the racers, while the other is ready to receive them at the end of the course. Great care is taken that their watches should exactly agree with each other, as bets are often made against time, and the difference of a few seconds may decide a race on which considerable sums depend. In such cases the sledges are started separately, and the result is determined only by time. When the snow is in good condition a skilful sledger will cover his English mile in from four to six minutes, even on a winding road; and the course is usually at least a mile and a half, often considerably more. This speed can, however, only be obtained when the track is entirely free. If a vehicle happens to ascend the pass during the race, the drivers of the hand-sledges are bound by the laws of the road, and also by a care for their own necks, to run into the soft snow on the side of the way and let it pass, and this of course causes a considerable delay. Whether such chance hindrances are to be risked or taken into consideration in placing the winners is a matter that is always decided before the start. This sport is usually a great favourite with young officers.

Another and far more popular outdoor sport is Eisschiessen, Alpine curling, which may be played wherever skating is possible, though the two amusements cannot be carried on at the same place, even at different hours, as the skates roughen the ice. A court is cleared on a lake, or artificially formed in the way that has been above described. It must be at least thirty metres, or nearly thirty-three yards, in length; but if circumstances permit, as when it is situated on a natural lake or large-sized pond, at least forty metres, or above forty-three yards, of ice are cleared and prepared. The breadth of the courts differ; but it should never be less than three yards. At a few yards' distance from each end a piece is hewn out of the ice of about three inches in length and one and a half in depth. The back of the hole thus formed must be perpendicular, while the front gradually slopes upwards to the level of the court. It is intended to afford support for the right foot of the player, and must be in the centre of the course. At two or three feet behind these incisions at each end a cubic piece of wood is placed. It is named the pigeon, and is pushed aside from the end at which the game begins. Each player is furnished with two ice-sticks. These are circular pieces of hard wood about a foot in diameter, bound with heavy iron hoops. The smoother the bottom is the better; but the top may be ornamented according to fancy, if only it is surmounted by a straight, perpendicular handle. There is no law either as to weight or size; but the usual height of an ice-stick with the handle is about a foot and a half. Numerous wooden cubes, considerably smaller than the pigeons, but otherwise exactly like them, must also be at hand.

The regular game may be played by any even number of players from six upwards. Ten is usually thought to be the best, as it affords an opportunity for a variety of play, and yet does not render it necessary for any one to remain long unoccupied. Two parties of equal strength are formed, a *mar* or captain is chosen by each, and they take their places together at the same end of the court. The object of both is to place their sticks as near the pigeon at the other end as possible. Now, let us suppose that six players—A, B, C and X, Y, Z—engage in such a contest. A is the captain of the first and X of the second party. A therefore plays first, which is a slight disadvantage. He places his right foot firmly in the hole, lifts and swings his stick as much as he likes, which

usually is not much, and then sends it gliding along the ice. His object is not merely to bring his stick as near as he can to the pigeon, but also to place it in such a position as to render the approach of the enemy difficult, if not impossible. X now follows, and endeavours either to displace A's stick, to put his own nearer, or to knock the pigeon out of its place, so that the advantage the other party has gained may be lost. As soon as the first two shots have been fired, the two captains proceed to the other end of the ground and from thence direct the action of their followers. If X's stick is nearest to the pigeon, B and C must play their first sticks, and, unless one of them outdoes X, A must return to the other end to play his second. It is always the losing party that plays, and it may, therefore, happen that no member of a side except the captain plays—but this is a rare occurrence. At the conclusion of a game, when all the sticks of one side have been used, the captain of the losing party has a right to remove the first of his, to place one of the small wooden cubes in its place, and to try his luck once more. If he fails, the game is lost; if he succeeds, his opponents follow in due turn, and, if they are unsuccessful, their captain acts exactly as the first has done, and this shot of his decides who are the winners. It is, however, only the single nearest stick that counts.

In artificial courts, a certain variety is lent to the game by the fact that there are sides and a back, so that in playing from one end it is impossible for the stick to go far beyond the mark, and in any case it is possible to calculate the rebound and thus sometimes to get behind the enemy. It will be clear that in both forms of the game heavy sticks in strong hands are a great advantage, as they can scatter all the lighter ones before them; but it is not every one who has the muscular strength to use them with certainty of aim.

Such are the chief outdoor winter pastimes of the higher Alps; they may easily be learned by a stranger, and most of them will afford him some amusement.

THE ABBOTSFORD CATALOGUE.

WE have before us a very little pamphlet, "to be sold only at Abbotsford," but dated 1888, "edited by the Honble. Mrs. Maxwell Scott," and calling itself "A Catalogue of the Armour and Antiquities" which form so notable a part of the decorations of the "romance in stone and lime." Mrs. Maxwell Scott has done very well indeed to print this record, as she calls it, in a brief preface, of the "gabions" of Sir Walter, referring thereby to a term and an incident which all readers of her grandfather's admirable *Life* will recognize. And we can only suggest that she might have done still better to make the little book accessible at some London and some Edinburgh publishers as well as at Abbotsford itself. There are many collections of "curios" more extensive, more costly, more attractive to the virtuoso and the critic than this; there is none in England or in the world which has the same peculiar blending of divers sorts of interests. For it was formed, not out of the superfluity of a merely rich man, who finds dilettantism fashionable and directs into that channel a part, greater or smaller, of his superfluous riches; not out of the half-professional skill which buys that it may sell again; not out of the mere idle curiosity which buys anything that is, or that is labelled, curious. It represents the life's thought and the brain's expense of the greatest man of letters of this century, and of the one man of letters whom, in presence of unusually abundant details as to his personality, it is possible to love as much as one admires him. Every piece here, if not a tribute from some admirer of Scott's, is something that Scott planned or coveted, and that he got by means of the means that his genius obtained for him. And yet more than this, in the great majority of the items there is an actual connexion with some part of that vast structure of romance, which exhibits at once the kindest heart, the most fertile imagination, the most noble political sentiment, the richest humour, and (within a little) the sincerest pathos that have ever found themselves together in one human being since Shakspeare was buried at Stratford. In any other case the act chronicled here, which substituted on the day of Scott's funeral his own bust for Shakspeare's in a particular niche, would have been one of egregious folly. In this case only there might be said to be some excuse for it.

The main threads of interest, as one turns over the Catalogue, are two—the one connecting the objects with Scott's life, and the other connecting them with his works; but naturally these two "twist and twine." Those devotees of the Napoleonic legend who in France used to be so wroth with Scott's *Napoleon* might be indignant with his collection of blotting-book, pen-tray, and beech-clasps from that most inexhaustible source of curios in the world, the carriage looted after Waterloo. We do not know how far the gettters-up of the forthcoming Stuart Exhibition will prevail over the guardians of the Abbotsford heirlooms; but few single collections can be richer in memorials of that family. Would a rigid critic admit "a silver-gilt ornament bearing the letters M R and the Lion of Scotland" as "Queen Mary's seal"? Perhaps; perhaps also not. And a "Piece of Queen Mary's Dress"? She had so many dresses; why should it not be? "Prince Charlie's Quagh" with the glass bottom ("to guard against surprise," says the Catalogue, which does not seem to us certain) has a pedigree which the sternest frequenter of Christie's would hardly challenge; and there are many others of these agreeable drinking vessels with which, it may be remembered, Sir Walter used to astonish his Southern guests by sending round drams in them after dinner—an

astonishment which would hardly come upon an Englishman now. Perhaps the Chinese paper of the drawing-room (respecting which minute directions, if we remember rightly, are given to Terry in the Letters) may be ranked as a curiosity. But this is not the kind of curiosity that one associates most with Abbotsford. The tortoiseshell cabinet of Montrose, which may once have held "He either fears his fate too much" itself in MS.; the mother-of-pearl cross, again assigned to the Mary of Maries; the sword, like the cabinet, the property of the Great Marquess—a sword which once belonged to Graham of Gartmore, these are the most characteristic items. Then there is Rob Roy's Sporrán (this came through the somewhat well-known Mr. Train, which perhaps is for thoughts); the keys of Lochleven Castle, which may have been those that Roland Graeme threw into the lake; Rob Roy's gun (same which his son shot McLaren of Invernethy, with awkward consequences); the thumbikins which may have terrified Cuddie Headrigg, and the branks which are said to have accommodated the dying Patrick Hamilton. The two-handed swords which were the fruit of *Anne of Geierstein*, the keys of Selkirk Gaol and of the Heart of Midlothian itself; these, with those just mentioned, are only a few of the numbers. Many of them are familiar even to those who have not seen Abbotsford, by engravings in the later editions of the works, and by references in the notes. Almost every one may be said to refer in one way or another to some part of the genius that produced *Waverley*, and turned all the writing fellows of Europe for seventy years to this day, and for Heaven knows how much longer, into the writing of novels.

Then there are the curiosities which have interest less as having been collected by Sir Walter than as having been used by him; the double-barrelled gun (with the second barrel not juxtaposed, but superposed, after a fashion common enough in pistols but rarer in the longer weapon), the chairs, and desks, and writing-tables, so carefully planned; the toadstone amulet (sovereign against the malign, but certainly not in its possessor's case against the beneficent, influence of fairies), the silver-handled "tail" with which Scott, who had not some bookish persons' disgusting contempt of the book as a book, used, as Lockhart tells us, always to dust a volume after taking it down and before opening it (think of Wordsworth, ye Wordsworthians, and blush!); the belt and accoutrements in which he figured as a yeoman at those remarkable engagements which, on the spur of the moment and with doubtful veracity but true courtesy, he invented when the Czar asked him "where he had served."

And then, lastly, there are the pictures—none of them perhaps of the first interest as works of art, but scarcely in need of that interest. Here are the fancy sketches of Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of which Queen Elizabeth "dancing high and disposedly" is the best known, but which ought to be reproduced whenever somebody has the good taste to collect the works in pen and pencil of that very Rabelaisian or Lucianic person; the contemporary portrait of Claverhouse, which is so interesting to compare with the wonderful word-sketch in "Wandering Willie's Tale"; the supposed "after death" likeness of Mary. But there are one or two things that we miss, either because we have overlooked them or because they have been removed. Where is the silver vase which Byron sent to Sir Walter "full of dead men's bones" [from Marathon] and an autograph letter, and which the said Sir Walter was young enough to leave as it came, in his public rooms, with the result that some of his uninvited visitors, considerably leaving the dead men's bones, abstracted Byron's autograph? And where is the silver standish that he bought with his first fees, gave to his mother, and used after her death? But among things actually here, and in addition to what we have already mentioned, there is the Wallace chair (we own we don't care greatly about the Wallace chair), and a lock of Prince Charlie's hair, and Helen Macgregor's brooch (but Helen was not a nice person; we would rather have had something of Miss Die's), and a Burmese horoscope (let us hope it foretold the annexation which would have pleased Sir Walter), and Lely's Dryden, and Dryden's own *Florimel*—that is, being interpreted, Nell Gwynne—also by Lely, and the picture of Hinse of Hinesfeldt, not least memorable of cats, and broadswords and suits of armour innumerable, including one of the earliest crops ("very old landed," as the wine merchants say) from the ever-fruitful field of Waterloo.

We have said that the publication of this volume is a good deed; but there is a better, which Mrs. Maxwell Scott might do. It is now fifty years since Lockhart, with judgment which has never been surpassed, arranged her great-grandfather's biography. It is known, or at least confidently asserted, that there is at Abbotsford store of manuscripts and documents which in that arrangement were excluded, either out of proper deference to the feelings of persons then living, or simply because Lockhart's experience and critical acumen warned him against overloading a book already of very great length. We do not for one moment wish for the publication of such matter as that of which in one case Lockhart himself solemnly deprecated the publication; nor do we desire that anything should be added to which there can be the slightest objection. But there must be not a little which the lapse of time has rendered unobjectionable, and much which, superfluous then, would not be superfluous now. Whether this should be given in an independent form or in the form of a new edition of the *Life*, with additions, is of course a question for those immediately concerned. But we have ourselves long thought that such a new edition was called for. If there were no other reason, numerous books containing matter bearing more or less on the life

of Scott have appeared since, and though Lockhart's work was so patient and thorough that no biographical fact of any importance escaped him, it was naturally impossible for him to foresee such later illustrations as have been given since his death. His "Scott" is at least as much a classic as Boswell's Johnson, and more time has passed since it was issued than passed between the first appearance of Boswell and Croker's edition thereof; while, with all respect to Johnson, it is impossible to put him on the same level with Scott. Filial reverence is sometimes accounted a Pagan virtue, but this we venture to think a corrupt opinion.

THE POMPADOUR.

FEW personages in the world's history have occupied writers so much as the humbly-born Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, wife of M. Le Normant d'Étioles, better known as Mme. de Pompadour. She wrote her autobiography, and, besides histories of her by Campardon, Mme. du Hausset (who occupied a position in her household), and others, she filled a considerable space in the books of what was to a great extent an age of memoir-writing. The name of Voltaire is connected with that of the Pompadour, about whom he composed a set of verses declaring that in her were united "Tous les arts, tous les goûts, tous les talents de plaisir," to whom he dedicated *Tancrède*, and whose praise he sang under the name of Téone. (Afterwards in an edition of *Pucelle* he spoke of her differently, but that is by the way.) The *Mémoires* of the Duc de Richelieu, the Duc de Luynes, of the Marquis d'Argenson, of the President Hénault, the Comte de Maurepas, numerous *Mémoires* "Inédits" and "Secrets," the *Vie Privée de Louis XV.*, and innumerable other volumes, of which the highly imaginative *Chroniques de l'Éil de Bauf* is a specimen, deal with the Pompadour, and a full and succinct summary of her career is given by MM. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. It was a perilous undertaking on the part of Brachvogel to write a play on the subject of the Pompadour, even if he borrowed his suggestions from Diderot, and, as is said, followed on lines which Goethe had planned; and, from one point of view, it is still more perilous in these days, when the facts of history are more generally known than they were in the days of Goethe, for English authors to adapt a work which deals with personages whose lives have been to a great extent laid bare. Many passages in the life of the Pompadour will never be known; but, if there had been any real foundation for the legend in which Narcisse Rameau figures (and it seems advisable to point this out; for, in spite of the evidence to the effect that Diderot invented the plot on which Brachvogel's play is founded, some writers have endeavoured to show that there was something in the story of "Le Neveu de Rameau"), Mme. du Hausset would have known, and would have written what she knew; for, though she contradicted the rumours as to the *liaison* between the Duc de Choiseul and her mistress, she was perfectly frank in stating what she knew, or believed, to be true.

In considering the play which Mr. W. G. Wills and Mr. Sydney Grundy have written we must forget French history apart from the broad facts that Mme. de Pompadour exercised supreme sway over the King, and was, as Macaulay remarks, "really the head of the French Government"; that the Duc de Choiseul was Prime Minister by favour of the King's mistress, and that Voltaire, with the humbler Diderot and Grimm, were to some extent courtiers as well as philosophers. An ignorance of anything more accurate than this is essential to a perfect enjoyment of *The Pompadour*. A recollection of facts and dates will show that what is represented as having taken place never occurred, and the legend of Eugène Lambert, the son of the poor mad player Rameau and his wife, subsequently the Pompadour, is the veriest fiction. We have our doubts about the wisdom of presenting any historical drama of a period about which authentic accounts exist, unless the rule be observed of dealing only with purely private matters which might reasonably have been supposed to escape even the memoir-writer. Thus we do not include such works as *Mlle. de Belle Isle* or *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, though we should have interdicted the writing of a drama which represents Louis XV. as absolutely subservient to the Pompadour up to the day before her death, and shows her dying suddenly of a broken heart during a fête in the gardens at Versailles. But these are considerations with which the great majority of playgoers will not concern themselves. They will want to know if the piece is impressive or entertaining; and if in some important particulars it falls short of that merit, it is a pleasure to admit that the authors have to a considerable extent justified their choice of a difficult subject. That previous works which have dealt with the period have been for the most part in the vein of comedy is no reason why graver pictures should not be placed on the stage—other, of course, than the reason aforesaid, that the events narrated never occurred, and that, therefore, the characters are represented in positions they could never have occupied; a circumstance which, again, detracts from the possibility of accurate portraiture. The first two of the four acts of *The Pompadour* are the best, for here the action is fresher and moves more naturally. Voltaire's introduction into the audience chamber at Versailles of the strange vagrant he has come across is in several ways striking from a purely theatrical point of view. Narcisse Rameau, as the distraught strolling player, mad for love of his lost wife, is called, presents an effective contrast, in his rags, to the dwellers in palaces, and the lines he

has to speak are pointed and incisive. Mr. Tree struck us at first as unduly restless in the part of Narcisse; but there is certainly warrant for this in the circumstance of the man being demented, though repose might be useful for stage purposes. The arrival of the Pompadour is also a well-contrived stage incident. The air which so effectually dominated the Court of King Louis may not have been thoroughly realized by Mrs. Tree; but the charm of her acting is undeniable, and there is sufficient dignity in the Pompadour's demeanour. The feebleness of the incident arises from the circumstance that all this scene, in which the Pompadour produces the Pope's dispensation, annulling the marriage of the King and Queen, is not only totally unwarranted, but altogether absurd, and it must be understood that it is only from the most theatrical standpoint that we can commend it. "The dream of my life is accomplished. There is now nothing between me and the throne!" is her cry as she proceeds to take her seat, but she recoils in horror, and falls to the ground with an exclamation of terror; for, as the hesitating courtiers step aside, Narcisse Rameau is seen sitting on the steps of the throne, a smile half vacant, half significant on his face. We note that this is described by one of the critics as "the worst of all possible situations," but to us it appears finely conceived if only we can forget the impossibility of such an occurrence in the formally ordered Court of Louis XV., and there is force in the dramatist's idea of utilizing Eugène Lambert in it for a double purpose—creating sympathy for him in his proper person as the lover of a devoted young girl, both being such staunch adherents of the Queen that he is ready to sacrifice his life in denouncing the favourite, and also, by causing the Pompadour to condemn him to death, making him the instrument of vengeance on his mother; for it is the knowledge that she has so condemned him which breaks her heart, after a scene borrowed from *Hamlet*. The introduction of Voltaire is justified for a dramatic reason, for it is he who has Rameau to play something like the flight of the false wife before the Pompadour, and, like the Queen in *Hamlet*, she proclaims her malefaction. The love scenes, however, entirely miss their point by the inadequate acting of those concerned.

The character of Narcisse is one which severely taxes the actor for the reason that there is a danger of monotony in the representation of a personage who is never in command of his wits. Throughout three acts—the play is in four, but in the second of these Narcisse does not appear—the vagrant harps much on one string. That Mr. Tree manages to sustain attention and interest, even through a very long address to a nodding China mandarin which is not pertinent to any issue, is no doubt a proof of his growing power in serious drama. His experience as Gringoire afforded him very serviceable training for the part of Narcisse. As for the Pompadour, Mrs. Tree's first difficulty arises from the fact that it is not the Pompadour that she has to play. The suggestion that the veritable Pompadour ever entertained a true and lasting affection for any human being is opposed to all that is known of her, and thus the scene in which, having caused her husband to be conveyed to his apartments, she dresses in the garb of long ago, and promises to return with him to the old life, conveys a totally false idea of the woman as she was. This is a shallow stage trick quite unworthy of what is best in the play. Again, her character, even as here presented, is contradictory. Lambert denounces and insults her, never dreaming that it is his mother to whom he is speaking; she causes his immediate arrest and orders his execution—natural enough for a furiously indignant woman with supreme power in her hands. But Mathilde visits her, and pleads for Eugène's life. She seems to relent, and indeed the apparent object of the third act is to show her in a sympathetic light; yet, when presently she is asked whether the death sentence is to be carried out, with the most cold-blooded indifference she replies in the affirmative. It seems to us that the actress is sacrificed by the authors to the exigencies of construction. Throughout this act the Pompadour has been presented as a woman with a heart; but interest must be carried on, and for this reason the fate of Eugène Lambert must be left in doubt; so her last words in the scene destroy the impression she has been carefully creating. Mrs. Tree rarely commits errors of judgment; but the act of kneeling to the Duc de Choiseul during the fête in his grounds on a spot which the moment before had been thronged by his guests is perhaps a little unreasonable.

Mr. Charles Brookfield has transformed his head into an exact resemblance of a well-known bust of Voltaire with remarkable skill, and all else he can do to suggest the *philosophe* he does. If Messrs. Grundy and Wills had been able to put into his mouth such keen satire and biting sarcasm as might have been spoken by the author of the *Diatribe* of Doctor Akakia they would be themselves Voltaires. They have written some telling lines, and these Mr. Brookfield delivers with all possible point; but all this smartness is not suggestive of Voltaire, and the authors are quite astray in making him jeer at Diderot's *Encyclopædia*, of which we know that Voltaire entertained a high opinion. Diderot, too, perfectly recognized Voltaire's superiority, and the admittedly greater man would never have derided one whose studies and objects he had encouraged. There were subjects on which the two differed, but an authority writes, "Voltaire néanmoins encourageait Diderot à poursuivre son rôle philosophique." Miss Rose Leclercq's representation of the Queen was distinguished by suitable dignity and evidence of deep sensibility, expressed with power and restraint; but the remaining characters we cannot commend. "An endeavour has been made," the playbill informs us, "to place upon the stage a faithful picture of the manners of a period of French history when the luxury of the eighteenth century had reached its highest point

of development." The endeavour has not succeeded. We cannot pretend to believe that Mr. Royce Carleton presents a faithful picture of the Duc de Choiseul, still less that the Maupéau, the Comte du Barri, the Marquis de Silhouette, and the Abbé Terray bear even the most distant resemblance to the personages they are supposed to represent. The King Louis of Mr. Ashley is merely a creature of comic opera. Of what is called the "mounting" of the play, the dresses and stage pictures, we can speak without reservation in the highest terms. The Audience Chamber in the Palace, and the Grounds of the Duc de Choiseul's Château, are masterpieces of theatrical decoration.

COW-KILLING IN INDIA.

RECENT advices from India show that what is called the "cow-killing question" is forcing itself to the front with disagreeable emphasis, and that the Government may be obliged to reconsider the Gallic-like attitude which it has hitherto very wisely observed in such matters. The sanctity attaching to the cow in Hindoo sentiment was originally due, no doubt, to the religious character with which primitive feeling invested an animal which was at once the indispensable agent of agriculture and the chief food-giver of the settlers. An unconscious sanitary instinct probably also attached religious penalties to the eating of a flesh peculiarly ill adapted for hot climates. But whatever the origin of the religious veneration, it survives, even where the religious feelings themselves are weakened, in a peculiar tenderness and sympathy for a creature so essential to human life. Neglect of such a sentiment has before now provoked serious consequences in India; while the present agitation, at any rate, promises to deepen race-hatreds and religious antagonisms. It appears to be more sustained than the spasmodic protests which have been made in the same direction by the Hindoos all through the period of British administration. For the most part ignored, these protests have died out, while fanatical demonstrations have met with prompt and effectual police repression. Now, however, Hindoo exasperation is being organized in certain localities into a regular propaganda. The movement is certainly one which deserves analysis, and the inquiry may shed light on some of the tendencies at work in modern India. It may be premised that the agitation is by no means this time a superstitious panic amongst the backward masses of the population. Many of the educated and some of the weightiest leaders of Hindoo opinion are engaged in it, and it has the countenance of several non-official Europeans of high character. Amongst the Hindoos themselves the growing conviction of their numerical supremacy, and of the advantages which they may gain from numbers, no doubt plays a considerable part. The "cow-killing" question affords them an opportunity of testing their strength. The memories of the Mogul Empire and of Mahommedan supremacy are losing their hold every day; and, under the authority of the British Government, and by a dexterous use of British theories of representation and majorities, they hope to redress the balance. Their demand to have their prejudices respected is stimulated by the spectacle of certain native Hindoo States. In the exercise of the powers secured them by the British Government some of the native Hindoo rulers have already legislated against cow-killing within their dominions. It appears, indeed, that several Hindoo chiefs who crossed the black water to Her Majesty's Jubilee have, to use a colloquialism, "made it all right" with their subjects by such legislation.

Here, then, is an incitement to the Hindoos to clamour for the same privileges from the British Government which are secured to them by native rulers. Another considerable impetus to the demand has been given by two decisions of the Allahabad High Court, which, however sound in law, are attended by political inconveniences. The High Court has excited Hindoo indignation by reversing the judgment of an inferior magistrate, who had convicted certain Mahommedan butchers under the Penal Code "of the offence of destroying an object held sacred by the Hindoos," in the sight of passers-by. But the judges refused to consider this conduct as amounting to the destroying of an object held sacred. Cows, indeed, can hardly be held to be inviolate in the sense of a temple or of an idol whose destruction or defilement is strictly prohibited. Nevertheless, the Hindoos complain that this ruling will encourage low-class Mahommedans in wantonly outraging their sentiments. A second judgment of the same Court is even more attacked, which laid down that Brahmini bulls released for ceremonial purposes (their owners thereby divesting themselves of proprietary rights) cannot, legally speaking, be the object of theft. Hindoo argument is trying to reduce these two decisions into a dilemma for British justice. An animal, it is contended, is not considered sacred until devoted to ceremonial purposes, and when constituted sacred may be stolen or killed with impunity. Meetings in the North-Western Provinces and elsewhere have given vent to the popular indignation, and the Government has been memorialized to prohibit the killing of all animals held sacred by the Hindoos. Such a petition, of course, has an impossible scope, and would include prohibitions to kill sacred monkeys, peacocks, and alligators, as well as cattle. But the Hindoos would, no doubt, be quite prepared to limit their real demand to the prohibition of "cow-killing." They are also endeavouring to move Government by economical considerations which are taken up by their European sympathizers. It is urged that the resources of India are being impoverished by the

slaughter of cows, and that the Government, as universal landlord, is bound to look after its stock. There is possibly something in this plea, although the statistics with which native speakers try to support it are absolutely wild and incapable of verification. One orator calculates that India loses by cow-killing the sum of 1½ crore of rupees per annum, and estimates that "a cow with six bullocks, her offspring, is capable of feeding at least 141,600 men during the whole course of her life, by her milk and the produce of the labour of her offspring, six bullocks." But, in spite of these formidable figures, it is not probable that the Indian authorities will depart from their usual attitude of neutrality. On the other hand, they may be able to solve the difficulty by relegating the whole question to the municipal bodies. In this way, where a strong and active Hindoo sentiment existed, it would be able to enforce its own sentiments. At the same time the rights of the minorities would be jeopardized, very much indeed as they will be jeopardized by any system of Local Option in England. And the danger of provoking religious antagonisms, which is the awkward feature in the whole situation, will be only partially removed.

GAMEKEEPERS.

BUTLERS, cooks, and stud-grooms certainly have many opportunities of making their masters' lives well nigh unendurable; but we doubt whether any servant can give an employer a more exasperating day than can a gamekeeper under certain favourable, or rather, we should say, unfavourable, circumstances. You may have many acres of woodlands which have been stocked and preserved at great expense; an efficient staff of beaters may have been ordered for the morning of the great shoot of the year; your house may contain a party of the best shots in England; the weather, and indeed everything else, may promise well, and yet you reflect as you toss restlessly during the anxious night, that it is far from impossible that everything may be spoilt by your new head-keeper. Nor does it necessarily follow that a new keeper who would ruin your day need be a very bad one. In his last place he may have had the management of a number of small belts and spinneys, while your coverts are large wild woods, or *vice versa*. It may be, again, that he has been accustomed to deal with a very different stamp of beaters; or that in his former situation there may have been one head-beater of great experience who took a considerable part of the responsibility in this department from off his shoulders. There is yet another way in which a great day's pheasant-shooting may easily be marred when the head-keeper is a fresh one. He may have an excellent plan of campaign, and so may his master; but these plans may be different, and through both master and man following their own systems, and giving their own orders, neither scheme may be thoroughly carried out, confusion being the result. Then the keeper's last master may have liked to manage everything himself, or he may have been in the habit of leaving everything to his head-keeper; and when the man finds his new master the exact converse of his last, mess, muddle, and recrimination are likely to follow.

Generally speaking, the best keepers are sons of keepers. They have been brought up among all the usual surroundings of a gamekeeper's lodge—guns, dogs, ferrets, hen-coops, vermin-traps, &c. One of their earliest treats was to be allowed to go into the coverts with their fathers, and their highest ambition to be, one day, like them, head-keepers. As boys, they were employed in watching young pheasants, in trapping, following the beaters, and in various minor duties connected with shooting and keeping. To vermin, especially, their attention was turned very early in life. In short, it is of the utmost importance that a head-keeper should have imbibed a good tradition of his duties during his youth; and, in addition to this, he ought to have a natural love and aptitude for his work. It is better, too, that he should be a strong, powerful man; that he should be healthy is essential, and he should have excellent eyes and ears. It is needless to say that he must be sober. A drunken, or even an occasionally intemperate, keeper is at the mercy of poachers. It is, of course, necessary for a keeper to know the features, voices, and names of the poachers in the neighbourhood, in order to be able to watch and identify them, and it might appear that for this purpose he would have an excuse for frequenting public-houses. As a matter of fact, however, nothing could be more fatal; and, if he should ever offer such an excuse, it ought on no account to be accepted. He should be active, firm, and decisive, but he must be neither fussy nor noisy. A man who is always shouting and bawling to his beaters is intolerable.

Rearing is one of a keeper's important duties. Up to a certain point it is straightforward work enough; yet it affords ample opportunities for skill and requires great care. A man who has little taste for it is apt to leave too much to his under-keeper, watcher, or even boy. There are many little details connected with rearing which require much attention. Keeping up the stock of healthy hens for foster-mothers, seeing that the coops are clean and sound, the question of the pheasant's eggs that are to be collected—when, where, and how many—the tame pheasants and their inclosure, the choice of ground for rearing the young birds, egg-testing, egg-setting, moving the hens off their nests every day, feeding the hens and the young pheasants, the "maggot-

factory," the treatment of delicate birds, the making of feeding-stacks in coverts for the young pheasants when turned out, and many other little matters must be thoroughly attended to if success is to be attained.

Vermine-killing is a most essential part of a keeper's work. It is well that master and man should come to a definite understanding at starting as to what is and what is not to be considered vermin. On Scotch moors some masters will have no hawks killed, and even on ordinary English manors many will not allow kestrels or owls to be interfered with. Jays, again, are birds which some people forbid their men to kill, partly on account of their rarity, and partly because they are useful in giving the alarm when a wood is invaded by poachers. Jackdaws, too, are sometimes a matter of controversy, so are hedgehogs, and (where there are any) ravens and peregrine falcons. The greatest bone of contention between masters and keepers is the fox. As every hunting-man knows, it does not suffice merely to tell a keeper not to shoot foxes, or to preserve foxes; he ought to be told that in his coverts there must always be foxes, and that if they are drawn blank a certain number of times, consecutively, he will be dismissed. There should be no kind of compromise about this in a hunting country. In places where there are no hounds, it is quite another matter. Whether a master himself hunts or not, he ought to take care that his man should see that he has a keen interest in foxes being found in his coverts, from the earliest day of cubhunting to the last day of the season. When there is a good show of foxes, the keeper should be made to understand that it is a matter for pride and thanksgiving, and when the coverts are drawn blank that it is a day of humiliation and disgrace to man, master, and the very name by which the coverts are known.

A gamekeeper cannot be too careful in killing rats. They are inveterate enemies to eggs and young birds, and they often eat more of the corn stacked in the coverts than do the pheasants themselves. Where there are many old-fashioned farm-buildings on a manor, it is difficult to keep them down, do what you may. Stoats and weasels are still deadlier enemies of game, especially the former, and the only thing to be said for the latter is that they kill a great many rats. It cannot be impressed too strongly upon gamekeepers that those terrible egg-stealers, carrion and grey-backed crows, as well as magpies, should be killed in the early part of the year. Where a fixed sum is paid for every head of vermin, the keeper is tempted to allow these birds to nest and hatch, and then kill both the young and old birds together after all the mischief has been done. Sparrow-hawks should also be killed as early as possible, for it is when feeding their young that they poach most. With regard to the various methods of killing vermin, it is usually the best plan to leave them to the keeper. We should, however, advise all masters to consider whether the use of poison ought not to be forbidden, and, at the very least, to put a limit on steel traps. The latter are a very cruel means of catching vermin, and they are apt to injure foxes so badly as to render them useless for sport. Dogs often do great mischief in coverts (and out of them too, when they disturb and spoil partridges' nests), and cats must be classed among the worst of poachers; at the same time it should be remembered that, while we make such a point of our legal rights in prosecuting trespassers after game, we ourselves often break the law by killing, or rather by allowing to be killed, the dogs and cats of others. A keeper ought to be told what the law is upon these points, and under what circumstances he may, or may not, kill cats and dogs. To kill a cat that may happen to be in a field near a covert, looking perhaps for field-mice, is not only illegal, but, in many cases, a very cruel action, as it may be the cherished favourite and sole companion of some poor cottager. Yet, when a cat has once taken to poaching, it becomes of little use as a mouser, and will be seldom at home. Indeed, we never desire a keeper to spare a cat of our own if he catches it in the act of poaching. As to the agony of spirit which may result from the loss of a favourite dog it is needless for us to say anything, and we fear that keepers, often necessarily, but sometimes unnecessarily, have inflicted many a pang upon the owners of pets of this sort. We have a keen recollection of a certain gamekeeper shooting, with a right and left, two charming and idolized Skye terriers (husband and wife), the property of a dear friend and neighbour of his master's. That master would rather have lost a thousand pounds than that this should have happened.

We have dealt so lately with the subject of poachers, that we need not say much about them on this occasion, although they are intimately connected with keeping. It is a question whether it is best that keepers should carry firearms when going out against them; whether, if they do carry firearms, they should be guns or revolvers is another. There is a good deal to be said on both sides in each case. Many people recommend life-preservers; but, in our opinion, a long and heavy oak-staff is a better weapon. Dark lanterns and police-whistles are very useful implements for night-watching; and field-glasses have done good service by daylight.

It is too much to expect a gamekeeper to be good at everything; and he may be a valuable man without being a good dog-trainer, although the breaking of dogs may, in some cases, be said to be included among his duties. But, at the very least, every keeper ought to be kind to dogs. A fellow who is always flogging his dogs and rating and swearing at them is a positive nuisance. If he cannot train dogs, there is no reason for his rendering them useless. It is very desirable that keepers should

understand the diseases and accidents of dogs, and the best methods of treating them. It seldom takes long to discover whether dogs are fond of the man who manages them or not; and, when the latter is the case, a change of man rather than a change of dog is desirable.

It is not so absolutely essential that a keeper should be a good shot as might be supposed. To shoot well enough to kill vermin and to supply the house with game is all that is necessary. Whether an under-keeper should have a gun at all depends a good deal upon the manor on which he is placed and the system upon which it is managed. If he is entrusted with one, he ought clearly to understand that it is not intended to save him the trouble of trapping.

Gamekeepers' tips have been a source of much grumbling. It seems very hard, and most improper, that the man who gives a keeper a munificent bribe should be able to secure the best place in covert-shooting. Masters, however, may have the remedy to some extent in their own hands by placing their guns themselves. There is another alternative, which is sometimes resorted to—namely, making a common fund and giving it in a lump to the keeper. The objection to this plan is that it furnishes rich men with an excuse for being stingy. Worse still, we have known a fellow of great wealth, after preaching a homily upon the evils and unfairness of tipping, "buying places," &c., propose that each shooter, himself included, should contribute the same sum—a mere nothing to himself, but a large one to some of the party—to a general fund, electing himself as paymaster to the gamekeeper. Allowing a keeper to give a day's rabbit-shooting to a limited number of people, at so much a head, as part of his wages, is a practice to which, it seems to us, there are many objections. Nevertheless, it may perhaps answer under certain circumstances. But, whatever may be a master's rules or systems, there can be no doubt of one thing—that he who secures a thoroughly good gamekeeper obtains an untold treasure!

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

ONE of the most remarkable features in our Parliamentary history has been the singular divorce which it has exhibited between business—in the sense in which the City understands the term—and politics. At the time when Napoleon described England as a nation of shopkeepers it was governed by lords. The first Cabinet of the younger Pitt contained only one member of the House of Commons, that member being himself, and no representative of commerce. This state of things was of old standing; but it did not interfere with enlightened commercial legislation long anterior to his accession to office. Lord Beaconsfield described Lord Shelburne as opening the era of economic statesmanship in which we still live. He strangely forgot Sir Robert Walpole, in whose commercial and fiscal policy were the germs of the system developed later by Shelburne and Pitt, by Huskisson, Peel, and Mr. Gladstone. It is curious that what are now conceived to be the doctrines of sound trade had their original expositors, not in men engaged in trade, but in professors and theorists; in Adam Smith and Tucker, or rather in Tucker and Adam Smith—for the less distinguished writer preceded the author of the *Wealth of Nations* in the doctrines which have made that work a kind of economic gospel. The mercantile and manufacturing classes towards the close of the eighteenth century were the strongest advocates of restriction and monopoly, and were shut up in bondage to the mercantile theory; so little is it true that acquaintance with the details of business implies a clear perception of the principles of commerce. Politics, as Mr. Gladstone himself recognized many years ago, is a distinct profession, and ordinarily the training which qualifies for its successful pursuit can be found only in political life. The counting-house and the factory have seldom been the cradle of statesmanship. The doctrine of Ecclesiastics, that the man whose talk is of bullocks shall not be sought for in public council, has hitherto been as true of the man whose talk is of three-fourths and seven-eighths, of contango and backwardation. The fact is curious that a great commercial nation has not found its interest in placing the conduct of its affairs in the hands of men engaged in commerce. The only conspicuous instance of the association of high statesmanlike qualities with the business of the City during the eighteenth century was found in Sir John Barnard, whose mastery of all questions relating to trade and whose general sagacity Speaker Onslow described as unique, and who might, if his ambition and health had tempted or allowed him, have anticipated Mr. Goschen in bringing into statesmanship qualities disciplined in business.

In recent times the aristocratic and territorial classes have been constrained to admit into minor partnership the representatives of commerce and industry. Mr. Poulett Thomson, of the firm of Thomson, Bonar, & Co., was borrowed by Lord Melbourne from the City; and Mr. Henry Labouchere—not the colleague of Mr. Bradlaugh—and Sir Francis Baring are other instances of the alliance, which is of very old date, between the great Whig and the great City houses. But commerce has always been, and it still is, the Co. in the political firm. The inclusion of Mr. Bright, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Stansfeld in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration was the largest recognition which up to that time had been given of the claims of the middle and trading classes to a share in the work of government. More recently the names of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Mundella have to be added to this

list. On the Conservative side Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord Cross, and Mr. Ritchie are conspicuous. These are all respectable names, but only a few of them represent any approach to the high-water mark of statesmanship. Mr. Bright, though a man in business, is never supposed to have been a man of business, and his official maxim seems to have been that the art of governing consists in letting things take their own course, and that whatever is least administered is best. Mr. Smith, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Forster are the only men among those we have mentioned who have shown administrative qualities of the highest order and can claim a position in the front ranks of Parliamentary life. They prove the desirableness of qualifying the too exclusively aristocratic and territorial character which has belonged to successive English Governments by capacities otherwise trained; but they do not invalidate the fact that the work of administration in the present and future, as in the past, will, in the main, be best left in the hands of men of leisure and of cultivation, who are familiarized from boyhood, by the conversation which they hear at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room, with political ideas and social interests. That is the atmosphere which they breathe, the environment by which they are surrounded, as the young tradesman is surrounded by an atmosphere and environment of sugar and molasses, of tallow and of calico. They learn insensibly and imbibe through their mental pores the knowledge which it takes others much pain and trouble to endeavour, not always successfully, to acquire in later life.

These considerations have a close bearing upon the extension of the representative system which is sketched out in Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill, and which will probably pass from the stage of project to that of fact during the present year. The government of the counties has hitherto been squirearchical, as the government of England has hitherto in the main been aristocratic. The men in whose hands it still is have been trained to their business; and the disinterestedness or efficiency with which they have conducted it have not been questioned. It would be a great misfortune if it were in any considerable degree to pass away from them; but if they are to retain it, the tenure by which they hold it will not be the same in the future as it has been in the past. For natural selection, deliberate election will be substituted; for nomination by the Crown and its representatives, choice by the popular vote. It is to be hoped that the country gentlemen of the various counties of England will not shrink from taking their part in the new order of things, and from directly challenging the popular approval which has hitherto been tacitly given them. The extension of the representative principle to the counties was inevitable; and there is no reason at present to suppose that the system which has worked fairly well in the great municipal boroughs will not work equally well in the rural districts. But the elaborate mechanism which is provided of County Councils and District Councils, coupled with the maintenance of the Boards of Guardians, and for certain purposes of the Quarter Sessions, will make a call upon administrative capacity and public spirit as to which it is not possible to feel entire confidence that the supply will equal the demand. A too incessant requisition on the time of persons who are necessarily engaged in private business, in their farms and offices and shops, and who prefer to give their leisure to domestic life and personal pursuits, may produce a state of things of which France and the United States offer warning examples. The commune, the arrondissement, and the department in France, the parish or township, the county, and the state in America, require for their efficient administration a degree of attention which men whose own affairs necessarily and naturally occupy them are unable to give. The result is that local government in both countries has fallen to a most undesirable extent into the hands of idlers and adventurers—men who, being indisposed to regular industry, seek in mismanaging the affairs of others the profit and advantage which they decline to look for in the management of their own. If country gentlemen by abstinence from local business, by a disdainful reluctance to court the sweet voices of the electorate, leave the places vacant which they ought to fill, a stream of demagogues will flow into them. The work of local government must be in the hands of people who have leisure for it; and, if the leisure is not that of wealth and easy circumstances, it will be that of idleness and self-seeking. The mischief will not stop here, for the local politician and carpet-bagger will find the County Council probably a stepping-stone to the House of Commons; and a measure the aim of which is to improve county administration may become an instrument of national misrule. The corruption which prevails in the local Governments of the United States and the recklessness which characterizes them in France are due to the fact that men of wealth and leisure, of capacity and integrity, have pusillanimously allowed themselves to be thrust aside, or have indolently stood aloof from the tasks which naturally devolve upon them. No greater danger besets the wealth and culture of a country than its conspicuous divorce from the direct service of the public. In their own interest, not less than in that of the community, the country gentlemen of England are bound to enter frankly and energetically into the new condition of things. Whether the experiment in county government which is about to be tried shall be successful, or shall ignominiously and dangerously fail, depends mainly upon them. Greater issues as regards the future of England are at stake than those which are directly involved in the provisions of the new measure.

THE GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. and Mrs. German Reed retired so long ago from active co-operation in what is still known as their Entertainment that Mr. Reed's death will only affect his many personal friends. After early appearances as a juvenile musical prodigy, he settled down in life as a leader of orchestras, and did good service in this capacity. The "Entertainment" was a happy idea, which Mr. Reed was able to carry out effectively by the aid of his wife, who had won deserved reputation as Miss Horton, and of his friend John Parry, a mimic and pianist of altogether exceptional power. That the German Reeds had the perception and ability to carry out successfully the scheme they had devised was shown by the cleverness with which they chose their authors, and partly chose and partly made their stage associates. Mr. Arthur Cecil's training was under this management; and Mr. Corney Grain, the successor of John Parry, first developed his capacity under Mr. Reed's guidance. The Entertainment not only survives, but flourishes. A new piece—we are always in doubt how to describe these productions, but "piece" is safe—has just been given at St. George's Hall. It is called *Wanted—an Heir*, and is written by Mr. Malcolm Watson, who does well in the absence of an author who could strike out a fresher line, though let it be added that the *habitués* show no desire for anything other than that which is provided for them. The trifle is simple and amusing in its humble way, though the dialogue given to one of the characters is unpleasantly tinged by vulgarity, which the taste of the management should have avoided. The plot would be scarcely sufficient for an average magazine story; but aided by music and the efforts of the players it serves its turn. The heir to a peerage is missing, and is sought by the heir's nephew. He believes that the adopted daughter of a farmer is the lost child, being driven to the belief by a ring she wears; but the ring has been placed on her finger by her lover, the village schoolmaster, and it follows that he is the heir. This is all, but it is enough. Mr. Alfred German Reed shows a remarkable aptitude for the performance of such characters as that of the bluff and genial farmer, John Bigg. Miss Fanny Holland plays the farmer's wife—a part, however, in which it is not possible for the actress to distinguish herself, for the author has made a futile attempt to invest Mrs. Bigg with marked characteristics which have no bearing on the story, and are therefore out of place. Mr. Walter Browne as the peer's nephew and Miss Kate Tully as the heroine fill their parts very successfully. Mr. Alfred Caldicott has composed suitable and sufficiently tuneful music. Mr. Corney Grain's new sketch, "Mossoo in London," is perhaps not quite so good as his usual efforts from a musical point of view. We do not think any of the songs introduced will win the popularity which many of his previous songs have gained; but the mild satire directed at contemporary social crazes amuses the audience, and the sketch is received with a great deal of laughter and applause.

THE EASTER CYCLIST MANŒUVRES.

WHEN the first serious effort was made last year at the Easter manœuvres to test the capabilities of cycles as means of moving infantry rapidly over long distances, we expressed an opinion that the experiment had shown that cyclists might under many circumstances undertake some of the most important duties at present assigned to cavalry. The experiment has been repeated this year in a more searching manner, and, while it has removed perhaps some illusions, has placed us in a much better position than we formerly held to judge with fair accuracy of the merits and defects of cycles as military machines. And it has further enabled those responsible for the development of this arm to consider practically the kind of training which will be necessary before cyclists can take their place as soldiers side by side with men of other branches of the service. The actual details of the scheme, and of the incidents which occurred during the efforts to carry it out, have been so fully dealt with in most of the daily papers that it is scarcely necessary to repeat them here. It is more important to note all the weak places and comparative failures, and to see how they can be strengthened and avoided; and also to note the strong points and the successes, and to see how they can be improved and further utilized.

The first point to observe is the fact that the force was not able to move over the distance originally intended in the time required. The reason of this was—firstly, the extreme unfavourableness of the conditions of the roads and wind; and, secondly, the untrained state of many of the men present. The roads were very heavy and often in that sticky state which is peculiarly trying to cyclists, and in some parts they were so covered with flints as to have made it desirable to push the cycles along the grass on the roadside. The wind was blowing hard, but opposite to the direction in which the cyclists had to advance, and at times the rain came down heavily. Thus everything was against rapid movement. But here we have a useful bit of experience. It is not to be expected that cyclists will always have the wind in their backs, or that the roads will always have that firm consistency which reduces the labour of the rider to the level of that required for descending a toboggan-slide. Military cycling must be a winter as well as a summer pursuit if it is to be of any practical value whatever. If we are to depend on cyclists for reconnoitring or for covering the advance of an army, we must be able to depend

on them equally when the ground is deep in snow as when it is hard and dry. In the present instance, although the conditions were so unfavourable, the actual road distances covered were greater than could have been covered by cavalry. We may, therefore, say that it has been proved that a body of infantry can be transported, in a condition to fight, along distances at least as great as could be traversed in the same time by any other mounted arm. And we may further point out that they can utilize railway transport (where available), with a power of intraining and de-training with only little more difficulty than is experienced by infantry. This fact was of great advantage during the manoeuvres this year.

The next point of importance which was brought out was the tendency of the cyclist columns to tail out. The cyclist has a natural desire to race. But the indulgence of this desire is fatal to military discipline, in whatever arm it may occur. In the present instance it became clear that only those of the riders who were in good training could accomplish even the curtailed distance. Thus, on one occasion, it was necessary not only not to check, but actually to encourage, a complete disorganization of the force, and to allow them to divide themselves by a process of natural selection, not into their original units, but into new units dependent only on speed. But even thus the officer commanding was able to deploy the rapid riders for attack in well-defined sections as they came up, and this in a very short time. For the future, each man of each section must clearly understand that his place is in his section, and nowhere else. The speed of that section must be the speed of the slowest man in it, and the speed of the column must be the speed of the slowest section. Of course there will have to be a limit of slowness in cycling, as in marching. But there is no reason why this limit should be out of the reach of any man of ordinary physique. Nor is there any reason why picked men should not be employed at a higher rate of speed for specially arduous duties. A body like the new Cyclist Volunteer Corps (the 26th Middlesex) ought to be able, for instance, to furnish a set of men who could do some startling feats of this kind. But in every case, fast or slow, there must be neither rivalry nor racing; and each section and each column must move along as steadily, and in as clearly defined formations, as bodies of infantry. The acquiring of this habit will be one of the great objects to be attained during the coming drill season. The only difficulty in the way of this is the eradication of all spirit of competition for speed, and the substitution of a spirit of competition for order. The power of bringing up at a fair speed compact bodies, well in hand, and ready for orderly and organized attack or defence, is the great thing to aim at.

A considerable portion of the time on Saturday was devoted to a series of small advanced and rear guard engagements, which have brought several very important points into prominence with respect to the power of cyclists in attack and defence. Cyclists, of course, only differ from infantry in having cycles. But, while their machines are in some cases a help, they are in other cases a hindrance to their mobility—as in the relation of cavalry to their horses. When a body of cyclists is advancing along a road, and the head and point are fired at by an opposing body of troops, the experience of Saturday shows that the first thing to do is to push on the advanced guard on their cycles to the nearest point to the enemy under cover, to dismount, deploy, and to open fire. If this fire is sufficient to drive the enemy out of the position, the advance can at once be resumed on the cycles. If not, as the successive bodies in rear come up they must be dismounted under cover and deployed for attack in the same manner, until their fire overwhelms the enemy. But it may happen that the mere firing from cover at the enemy's position is not sufficient to dislodge him, in which case he must be either turned or attacked in front. If a road exists suitable for the purpose, the turning movement may perhaps be carried out by mounted men. But probably the turning movement, and certainly any direct attack, would be performed on foot. An attempt was made on Saturday in one case by a section of cyclists to rush a position on their cycles. They were ruled out of action. Thus, in every case of successful attack the attackers will find themselves in possession of the enemy's position, not only, however, without means of following him rapidly at the moment, but under the necessity of going back to the point at which the attack began to fetch their cycles. The defenders, on the other hand, can hold on to the last moment, with their cycles close behind them, and, mounting by successive sections, retire rapidly to a fresh position in rear which they can place in a state of defence while the attackers are toiling back on foot for their cycles. One of the weak points of a cyclist attack has thus been most instructively brought to light by Saturday's work; and the important thing is to discover how the delay, which is apparently to some extent necessary, can best be diminished. Two methods suggest themselves. The first is that, while the dismounted fighting line of the attack is slowly making head, the reserve should push the machines of the whole party with them along the road. There are many cases in which this would be practicable. A second method would be by leaving the reserve throughout the engagement with their cycles at the point where the first halt was made, with orders that, as soon as the attack was successful, they were to mount and push on on their cycles, and so in their turn become the advanced force, the previous advanced force remaining in rear as reserve. It seems probable that these two methods, or a combination of them, would, if properly developed by actual trial, lead to an avoidance of the delay caused by the system tried on Saturday.

We cannot but think that Lieutenant-Colonel Savile ought to be satisfied with the results of his experiment. He did not, it is true, do exactly what he originally hoped to accomplish. But under the most adverse conditions, and with many untrained men in the force, he covered amply sufficient distance to prove all that he could wish to prove. And the details of the attack and defence were repeatedly worked out in such a manner as to place him in a position to lay down the tactical principles on which such engagements should be fought. Any one who is acquainted with Volunteers will know that it will be a long time before the whole cyclist system at present inaugurated will be in anything like perfect working order. But they will also know that, if slow, the progress will be sure. And that if the authorities will continue to support, as they have done, Lieutenant-Colonel Savile's efforts, he may look forward with confidence to a time when he will be able to cover the advance of an army corps with a "cyclist screen," well drilled and handy to manoeuvre, and fully equipped in all respects for the work they may have to do.

FRENCH PLAYS.

M. COQUELIN *cadet* appeared for a few nights at the end of last week in conjunction with his brother and nephew, and thereby gave weight to a revival of Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, in which, to use the words of the programme, "*les trois Coquelins*" figured together. The part of Argante in the comedy is not a very important one; and the play itself, although containing several fine scenes, is not one of its great writer's best, and is, after all, only an adaptation of the *Phormio* of Terence, the plot of which it follows with slight variations. The interest, not very strong in the Latin original, loses a good deal of its directness in Molière's version by being elaborated with the introduction of a scene from Cyrano de Bergerac's *Le Pédant* and another from *La Sœur de Rotrou*. It is a piece for reading rather than acting, albeit the character of Scapin himself is admirably drawn. Argante is an old man, and Molière's old men are all more or less conventional. M. Coquelin *cadet* made the best of the rôle, and was very amusing throughout. He has excellent speeches to deliver, full of philosophical truths and clever similes; but, like his colleague Gêronte, he is dragged through so much boisterous pantomime, after the fashion of the period in which the play was written, that he ends by impressing an average English audience as being a sort of pantaloon in a harlequinade. M. Coquelin *cadet* is too fine an actor to throw away his great experience and talent on such a part as this, when he is only to be seen three times. We acknowledge willingly its classical importance and fame, and also the modesty of the actor, who serves so valiantly the literature of his country by thus effacing himself in order to increase the reputation of a famous comedy. We confess, however, that we should have preferred seeing so capable an artist in something more important. He played Argante perfectly, and with great skill lifted the part into prominence by the exceeding delicacy of his method and the admirable manner with which he gave each word and phrase its proper value. Scapin, on the other hand, is one of the best drawn and most highly finished of all Molière's inimitable valets, and as a representative of these M. Coquelin *ainé* is unsurpassed. He gives us a complete picture of that curious product of the seventeenth century, the gentleman's gentleman, half slave and half equal, quick-witted, audacious, faithful, and generous, but likewise the incarnation of fun and frolic. Nothing could be droller, to recall an instance of admirable acting out of many, than M. Coquelin's play when, at the end of the comedy, in order to provoke sympathy from his masters, and thus obtain forgiveness for his escapades, he pretends to be mortally wounded. Funnier expressions of mingled feigned pain, fear, and mock humility can scarcely be imagined than those M. Coquelin assumes when brought in on a chair, with his head bound up and life apparently ebbing from him. When, however, his masters, moved by what they believe to be his approaching end, forgive him, and he hops off his chair, a hale man, with the most quizzical air in the world, he provokes hearty laughter. M. Jean Coquelin is too young a man and too inexperienced an actor to be placed on a level yet with his father and uncle. One cannot help thinking, when seeing him act the parts of old men, that he is merely a marvellously well-trained collegian. The young voice betrays him, and the wigs and neatly arranged beards cannot conceal, fortunately for him, his enviable youth. Silvestre, however, Scapin's companion in mischief, is a boy, and M. Jean Coquelin was in his element this time and played delightfully. Mme. Kalb, "of the Comédie Française," appeared only in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, and made everybody regret they were unlikely to see more of so sprightly an actress. Zerbinnette, who is a rather Bohemian young person, has very little to do in the piece, except in the last act, when she has to laugh through an entire scene, whilst between one outburst of merriment and another she relates to Gêronte the tricks his son has played upon him. This she did so sympathetically, and with such a silvery and contagious laugh, that the house joined in her mirth; and the pretty scene, as difficult to act as is the laughing song in *Manon Lescaut* to sing, passed off brilliantly. A one-act piece for two preceded *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. It has been seen often on the stage and in the drawing-room under various titles—*Le Bibelet* and *La Soupière*; its actual name is *La Céramique*. M. Coquelin *cadet* was Hector and

Mlle. Baretty Une Veuve. It was capitally played, both M. Ernest Coquelin and Mlle. Baretty acting with infinite vivacity and charm. The Coquelins are said to be the inventors of the "monologue" recitations, which are admirable in drawing-rooms, but apt to be rather tedious when transferred to the stage. M. Eugène Vivier's *Protecteur et Protégé* is essentially Parisian, and seems to be an excerpt from some longer play, for it has neither beginning nor end. The two MM. Coquelin were, however, very funny, the younger as the pompous *Protecteur*, who gets thanked for doing nothing at all, and the other as the *Protégé*, who has a nervous trick of repeating the last words of every speech addressed to him. M. Touchatout's *Habit ou Redingote* is more amusing, and M. Coquelin *cadet* gave a truthful picture of the embarrassments of a gentleman who cannot determine whether he ought to wear evening or morning costume at a party to which he is invited.

Oscar, ou le Mari qui trompe sa Femme, one of Scribe's merriest vaudevilles—without couplets, however—was given for the first time in London in many years on Monday evening last. It was originally produced at the Français as far back as 1842, with M. Regnier as Oscar. The plot is of a kind which is best not emphasized in relating, since it turns upon a subject frequently used by the Elizabethan dramatists, and by Shakspeare himself twice—in *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*—in which the wife, under peculiar circumstances, replaces the mistress, and her husband is none the wiser, until matters are satisfactorily explained, his misdemeanour being a sin of intention and not of deed. M. Coquelin is at his best in this kind of play; for, like our own Mr. Toole—the one actor we possess to whom he can be pretty closely likened—he is an unrivalled theatrical representative of middle-class husbands—*les maris de la bonne bourgeoisie*. His appearance, manner, and voice all help him to this end; and his art, as displayed therein, is infinitely subtle and unobtrusive. Mlle. Kerwich was very coquettish as Manette, the adroit chambermaid who has obtained a hold, through the suggestions of her mistress, over her master, which she is quite unable to explain, but which she certainly turns to her own pecuniary advantage. A monologue followed entitled "Le Sous-Préfet aux Champs"—a species of semi-satirical idyl, showing the official in question forgetting his duties under the influence of sunshine and flowers. It would bear translation, and is exceedingly well written. "Barbaron" is a piece of extravagance in the style of the adventures of Munchausen, which M. Coquelin delivers with a strong Marseilles accent.

The next novelty at this theatre, with the present company, is reserved for the last week, when *Les Surprises du Divorce* will be represented for the first time in London.

EXHIBITIONS.

MR. MACLEAN'S exhibition possesses unusual attractions this season in about a dozen good, really interesting, pictures. The remaining forty or fifty canvases belong to the ordinary class of work which generally constitutes the bulk of this Gallery. Whether they are better or worse than usual becomes a matter of supreme indifference when there is something else to be looked at. First of all we shall mention one or two examples of the great French school of the century and its immediate following in the Low Countries. Perhaps the best and most characteristic of these is a Diaz, "In the Woods: Evening" (21A), evidently taken from the Forest of Fontainebleau. A mysterious windy play of light throws a dancing illumination over rocks, ferns, open country, distance, the tangle of shrubs and the branches of oaks. The general tone is deep and full coloured, the foreground swims in a rich sombre shadow, while the splendid colouring does justice to the local tints, expresses the atmospheric conditions, and salutes our first glance with a noble and harmonious scheme of decoration. The well-known and admirable style of handling suggests much, but never intrudes itself as a mechanism. In the works of Heffner and others who seem to have studied the mere method for its own sake, the workmanship, by its hardness and its obviousness of plan, tends to destroy air and the natural charm of the scene. Of two Corots, one, "The Fisherman" (21), is but half started and not so well arranged in its groups of sky and trees as might be expected; the other and better, "Sunset" (60), well shows the great landscapist's magical trees rustling against the sky and wrapped below in soft, dark, and impalpable air. We have seen works by James Maris fuller and fatter in colour than "A Dutch Village on the Banks of the Scheldt" (36), and others, again, still drier and dustier looking. This may be called a good average example of a fine and dignified artist. Much the same may be said of "Going to Market" (23), by Josef Israels; good in colour, especially in the sky, it is neither his best picture nor his worst. E. Van Marcke's "Cattle in Holland" (17), by its simple workmanship and concentrated arrangement pleases the eye better than many of his larger pictures. It also recalls more directly than some the composition and style of the greatest modern master of the genre, Constant Troyon. On turning to the English work we are met at once with a remarkable work, Sir J. E. Millais's latest landscape, "Christmas Eve (Murtly Castle, Perthshire)" (33). The high power of intelligence and earnestness that this artist can bring to bear on his art is here made manifest, since at his age, and after doing so much careless commercial clap-

trap, he can still sit down and produce a thoroughly interesting landscape. In some ways it seems to us his most successful effort in that direction. It has certainly a stronger sentiment in it than "Chill October" and its other predecessors. The sentiment, too, is of a high and really artistic order and so elevates the general aspect of the work that one is not tempted to look for faults. This is a tribute to the power of feeling in art, as upon examination some defects are to be found. The realism is not perfect; the tree hardly relieves properly from the building; there is a tendency to undue muddiness of colour under the trees; and the birds and the little stick in the foreground seem false, feeble, and cold. In the artistic treatment some defects are mingled with decided beauties of style. There is perhaps too much foreground, and without doubt the workmanship of the trees is small, mean, and ineffective. The other faults count for little; but this last defect, as it would be apt to grow on one, and as it contradicts the noble idea of the picture, cannot be altogether overlooked. On the other hand, the building rises against the sky in really imposing fashion. Both the castle and the wall are handled in splendid style, and something in their aspect reminds one of Millet's church in the Luxembourg Gallery. Two fine marine pictures remain to be noticed. Mr. H. Moore's "Sunset in the Channel" (14) is quite up to the level of his best work. Indeed, there is a robust naturalness in this sky which he has perhaps never before attained. What an improvement may be seen here on his somewhat tortured "Sunset after Storm" in the Grosvenor of 1886! Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Fishing Bay on the Cornish Coast" (50) arrests one at once by the grandeur of its aspect and by a bold, powerful use of the brush; yet a little more fineness in the values would hardly be amiss. Upon looking longer one feels scarcely convinced as to the distance of parts of the cliff.

At the exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists there is a slight improvement, at any rate in the water-colours. Miss Mildred Butler has a gift of observation which enables her to take in the general tone of an effect to good purpose while she has acquired some sense of style and some feeling for beauty. "Following the Plough" (93), with its grey, vaporous sky and broad foreground, and "Winter" (144), an aerial picture with fine finish, are good examples of her work. Amongst the best things are Miss K. Macaulay's sketches, of which the strongest and most natural is perhaps "A Bit of Battersea" (14); Miss F. Currey's "At the Top of the Tideway" (161), with a rarely true middle distance, and an elaborate but not hard foreground; Miss Annette Elias's "River Oise, France" (135), a bright, strong picture, painted with a clean, smart touch; and Miss D. Martyn's very careful and sincerely rendered interior, "A Boat-builder at Work" (554). Mesdames Emma Cooper, Forbes Robertson, Gertrude Peel, M. Barnard, and one or two others, send good work. Miss Clara Montalba sends an oil, "A Sketch; Dortrecht" (530), but it looks poor and hot, and quite unworthy of her known talent. The largest oil is the "Holy Street Mill" (251), by Miss Mawson, a spotty, uncomfortable canvas. Perhaps the best of the oils are Miss Heckstall Smith's realistic and workmanlike "Staple Inn before Restoration" (238); Miss N. L. Rumboldt's shadowy and mysterious "Forest Glade" (244); Miss M. A. Sheffield's clever sketch, "Village of Ladywell, Kent" (546), and Miss H. Montalba's "Tending the Rialto Shrine" (243). Other fair landscapes come from Miss E. Gibson, Miss N. Erichsen, Miss Jane Inglis, and a few more. Modelling is not a quality much attended to in the figure-work; but we must speak with praise of one or two, such as "Chapeau Noir" (550), by Miss W. M. Fallon; "Amy" (539), by Mrs. Perugini; "Sandy Macfarlane" (222), by Miss Sara Fallon; "The Gardener's Daughter" (221), by Miss Bywater, and "Noonday" (65), by Miss Dora Noyes, the chief fault of which lies in a slavish resemblance to the work of Mr. Clausen. Resemblances of the sort are common enough; 535, 534, 234, and 278 are imitated from Mr. David Murray, and 529 is much too like Mr. Ludovici.

CONGRESS AND THE MONEY MARKET.

THE United States Congress has been now in session four months, and it has yet done little or nothing towards relieving the money markets of the world from the apprehensions which they suffer in consequence of the magnitude of the American surplus. The House of Representatives, indeed, has passed a Bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to employ in the redemption of debt all surplus monies now in the Treasury, or hereafter accumulating there; but the Senate has so amended it that it must go back to the House. Many Senators argue that the Secretary of the Treasury already has the powers which the Bill proposes to confer upon him, and that, therefore, fresh legislation is unnecessary; but the Secretary argues that the power referred to was given by a rider to an Appropriation Act, and that properly it can be regarded only as given for the year in which the Appropriation Act was passed. Consequently, he is unwilling to use the power. A Committee of the House of Representatives has also prepared a Bill for the reduction of taxation; but the Republican members of the Committee are strongly opposed to the chief proposals of the Bill. It seems very doubtful whether a majority of the House of Representatives is not also opposed to them; and even if the Bill passes the House, it is hardly likely to pass the Senate. The apathy of Congress is the

more remarkable because it will be in the recollection of our readers that last year a crisis in the money market was very nearly brought about by the accumulation of money in the Treasury. Up to the end of June last the Secretary of the Treasury was able to dispose of his surplus in the redemption of Debt. There then existed a considerable amount of Debt which could be redeemed without notice, and therefore the Secretary was able to pay out of the Treasury surplus monies as they accumulated. Unfortunately the relief so afforded was only partial. The national banks are obliged to hold United States bonds as security for their notes, issuing only 90 per cent. of the nominal value of the bonds in bank-notes. When, therefore, bonds are redeemed, the banks are obliged to cancel the notes against which the bonds are held as security; but there is no legal machinery in the United States by which notes once issued can be called in and cancelled; and, when the banks are unable to cancel their notes, they are obliged by law to lodge in the Treasury, as security for the redemption of the notes, an equivalent amount of lawful money of the United States. Up to the present time there are about 20 millions sterling of national bank-notes circulating throughout the United States which ought to be cancelled, but which cannot be got in, and the Treasury holds an equivalent amount of legal-tender money. The accumulation of money for the redemption of notes would even before July last have had a serious influence upon the money market were it not that a large coinage of both gold and silver is going on annually. Even so, however, the addition to the currency by means of coinage was not sufficient to prevent some inconvenience through the accumulation of the bank-note redemption fund. On the 1st of July last year the whole of the Debt which can be redeemed without notice was paid off, and then there remained only bonds which stood at a high premium. The Secretary of the Treasury naturally was unwilling to buy bonds at a high premium, and consequently the surplus accumulated rapidly. Capitalists got alarmed lest the money market should thereby be seriously disturbed, and they began to hoard as a precaution against contingencies. In both ways so great a stringency in the money market was caused that the rates of interest and discount rose even in New York to 6, and sometimes even to 8, per cent.; in the North-West they rose to 8 and 10 per cent. and higher; while in the South-West they went to 12 per cent. and over. To avoid a panic, the Secretary of the Treasury offered to buy bonds at a price specified; but few bonds were sold, and then the Secretary of the Treasury was compelled to lodge money on deposit with bankers to avoid a catastrophe. The United States Government employs no bank in the collection of its revenue; but it is permitted by law to place upon deposit, under certain conditions, the portion of the revenue derived from internal taxes. By using this power relief was given to the money market, apprehension gradually died away, and since then ease has prevailed.

It was naturally hoped that, after the experience of last year, Congress would hasten to reduce taxation. In the current year, which our readers will bear in mind ends with June next, the surplus of revenue over expenditure, including in the latter the Sinking-fund requirements, is estimated at about 30 millions sterling. President Cleveland recommended last December a very sweeping reduction in the tariff; but his party has not supported him, and it has taken four months for the Committee of Ways and Means to agree upon a Bill making very moderate reductions. Under such circumstances it does not seem likely that in the remainder of the Session the Bill will become law. Next month the candidates for the Presidency will be selected by the National Conventions, and in November the new President will be chosen. The Democrats are afraid of offending the working-men by pushing forward too sweeping a reduction of the tariff, and, on the other hand, the Republicans would gladly see the Administration discredited by financial pressure. It can, however, not really be for the interest of either party that a financial crisis should occur in the midst of a Presidential election; and it is possible, therefore, that Congress may do something to avert a catastrophe before it separates. If it should not, a panic seems almost inevitable. At present the situation is this:—The Treasury holds in gold, silver, greenbacks, and bank-notes very nearly 120 millions sterling; but there are certificates outstanding amounting to nearly 50 millions sterling, so that the nett accumulation of money in the Treasury is 70 millions sterling. Of this amount about 20 millions sterling are held as a reserve against greenbacks—that is, the Treasury notes which circulate as legal-tender money. Another 20 millions sterling, or nearly, are held in the Treasury for the redemption of bank-notes when presented, and about 30 millions sterling are the accumulation of surplus revenue over expenditure. In addition to this vast sum, about 12 millions sterling have been lodged with the Secretary of the Treasury in depository banks. This latter sum, of course, can be employed by the banks in lending and discounting, and, therefore, we have not included it in the accumulation in the Treasury. Owing to the fear of a crisis last year speculation was brought to a stop, and even legitimate business was very seriously checked. All through the winter, in consequence, the money market has been quiet, and at present it is found impossible by the Secretary of the Treasury to lodge more money in the banks. The banks, in fact, find that they cannot employ the money profitably, and are unwilling, therefore, to take it. Of course, if the value of money was to rise, the banks would be as eager to get the money as they are now unwilling to receive it; but, under any circumstances, the plan of depositing money with the banks is a merely

temporary one, and cannot afford adequate relief; for that there must be a permanent and a very large reduction in taxation. Unless this reduction is effected, we are likely to see a revival of the fears that had such serious consequences twelve months ago. In the ordinary course of things Congress will sit only about three months longer. As the Session draws to a close its members may feel that it would be dangerous to the best interests of the country to put off legislation any longer, and may carry a moderate reduction in the tariff; but, if the public begins to fear that taxation will not be adequately reduced, there will certainly be a revival of last year's fears. Bankers will be unwilling to lend, capitalists of all kinds will accumulate money as a precaution against contingencies; the money market will be laid bare of supplies; borrowers will be unable to obtain the accommodation they require, and very serious consequences may ensue.

Renewed disturbance in the American money market would be likely to affect the European money markets. Just now the balance of trade is against the United States. Owing to the heavy fall in American securities of all kinds, there has undoubtedly been an immense quantity of such securities sold by European holders and bought by American holders. In consequence, there is a debt due by America to Europe. Further, the imports into the United States have of late been very large. The probability would seem to be, therefore, at present that exports of gold from the United States are more likely than imports; but the whole situation would rapidly change if the value of money were to rise considerably. Then it would be profitable to send gold from Europe for employment in the United States, and doubtless gold would be sent in considerable quantities. If there were any good reason to expect that the crisis would be short and sharp, and that an effectual remedy would be speedily applied, of course the shipments of gold would not take place; but if Congress were once to separate, and the country were to be engaged in a Presidential contest, it would be hardly possible to apply a speedy remedy. Therefore the value of money in the United States would be likely to continue high for a considerable time, and exporters of gold from Europe would anticipate a considerable profit. In any case, if a monetary crisis in the United States seemed likely, the money markets of Europe would begin to fear large shipments of gold to New York. In consequence there would be a tendency to raise rates here; and, if the shipments really began on a considerable scale, the rise in rates might be very considerable. It is always to be recollected that the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is exceedingly small, that therefore the Bank cannot afford to lose very much of the metal, and that anything which made it probable that considerable shipments would take place would have a disproportionately great effect. The United States Treasury at the present moment holds about 62 millions sterling in gold, while the Bank of England holds less than 22 millions; and, owing to the desire of all the great European banks to keep the large stocks of the metal which they now hold, it would be difficult for the Bank of England to obtain elsewhere the gold withdrawn from it for export to New York. The beginning, then, of gold shipments to New York would, as we have just been saying, have a disproportionately great effect upon the London money market; and even the probability that shipments would take place would have a considerable effect. The policy pursued by Congress during the next few months, then, will have an important effect, not alone upon the American money market, but upon the money markets throughout all Europe, and through the money markets it will influence very considerably the course of trade and the prices of Stock Exchange securities.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

COME what may after them, a concert which begins with two of Beethoven's grandest works must of necessity run down hill. It is putting the good wine first—an unobjectionable proceeding if you are not going to drink the bad afterwards. One is chiefly concerned, it is true, to hear the finest music with a fresh ear, and from the hands of untried executants; but in a concert the second course must come, and it is likely to meet with undeserved misapprehension if the first is all strong meat. Spohr, Liszt, Rossini, fall flat on ears attuned to the heroic pitch of Beethoven in the Overture to *Leonora* (No. 3), and the Concerto for Piano (No. 5). It was unfortunate that Spohr's *Die Weihe der Töne* should have been thus prefaced. It is not too often heard; it is interesting as an early example of programme music; it is a splendid piece of musical construction and orchestration; but it is long, and, in all its length, it never reaches that loftiness of tone and impressive directness of effect without which nothing can hold the attention after a full meal of Beethoven.

The performance of the Overture to *Leonora* was good, though we have heard better. Though broadly and intelligently rendered, with a full sonorosity of tone, it seemed at moments to lack point. A more subtle shading of force would not have been amiss in parts, and, in the second half especially, a more lightning-like emphasis on certain accents and a less general pounding was wanted. Miss Martha Remmert attacked the Concerto in E Flat with a bold bravery which her effective strength of touch enabled her to carry on consistently. If we said that she might perhaps be a more refined player, we should not in any way refer to her technique, which permits of great flexibility and delicacy, but rather to her reading and her feeling for phrasing.

She is apt to be fanciful and to read more effect into details than is compatible with the broad unity and long-winded flight of this sort of music. She showed a charming delicacy and vivacity of touch, however, in many passages, and was never lacking in the power necessary for executing a great work. The orchestra seemed thoroughly up to their task, and the wind instruments, especially the horns and trumpets, which play a prominent part, were used with great sureness and delicacy. Spohr's Symphony, *The Power of Sound*, as it is generally called, met with an interpretation no less excellently artistic than that of the Concerto. An occasional feeling of tediousness arose, probably entirely from its following music in which there is nothing half-hearted and nothing superfluous. It would be difficult to deny the length and tameness, at least, of Spohr's third movement, "Tempo di Marcia." The march itself has not enough dignity or intensity to induce one to patiently await its return during the wearisome monotony of the Trio. It is not the least part of a composer's art to arrange his masses in quantities according to their interests. The first and second movements are perhaps the best, and they were very well done. The imitations of birds in the "Allegro" were by no means injudiciously forced, nor was the natural flow of the movement interrupted. In the second movement, a lovely cradle song on the clarinet is delightfully broken in upon by the soft tumult of the violins, entering with a piquant Dance Allegro, and this is followed by a charming Serenade on the violoncello. These graceful melodies were interpreted with taste and feeling by all the instruments concerned. A single violoncello plays as important a part in the Serenade as it would in a Concerto, and the excellent artist who leads these instruments handled it with a beauty of tone worthy of a good soloist. In the place of the usual piano-forte solos, Miss Martha Remmert gave us Liszt's *Hungarian Fantasia* for piano-forte and orchestra. The capriciousness of this music suited her talent perhaps better than the Concerto. She played it, if not with quite enough certainty, at least with spirit and with a due regard for its character. Unlike many good performers she avoided exaggerating the accents of that peculiar melody the "Vivace assai," and she entered thoroughly into the feeling of the piquant and difficult "Allegretto alla Zingarese."

The singer of the afternoon, Miss Alice Gomez, has a voice of the purest quality in all its notes. Her intonation is perfect, her method refined, and her idea of the sentiment of what she sings just and intelligent, and yet there is something slightly mechanical in the tranquil perfection of her style. She sang Weber's "O Fatima" (*Abu Hassan*), Mendelssohn's "Die Liebende schreibt," and Franz's "Er ist gekommen."

The concert came to an end with Rossini's Overture, *William Tell*. It is interesting occasionally to hear works which are a little out of the ordinary path of these concerts. The Overture is stirring, melodious, full of ideas, deservedly popular, and suitable to the theatre. Here, however, one cannot help thinking of names more familiar at the Crystal Palace than Rossini, and so wishing that Mendelssohn, Berlioz, or Wagner had had a word to say in the instrumentation of much of this Overture.

REVIEWS.

THROUGH THE YANGTSE GORGES.*

"WHAT I should like to know," said Sir Isaac Coffin, when seconding in the House of Commons the rejection of the original Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill, "is to be done with all those who have advanced money in making and repairing turnpike roads? What is to become of coachmakers and harness-makers, coachmasters and coachmen, innkeepers, horsebreeders and horsedealers? Is the House aware of the smoke and the noise, the hiss and the whirl which locomotive engines passing at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour would occasion? . . . Iron would be raised in price 100 per cent., or probably exhausted altogether. It would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturbance of quiet and comfort in all parts of the kingdom that the ingenuity of man could invent." This is precisely the kind of argument which the Chinese Government is now advancing in opposition to Mr. Little's scheme, as set forth in the present work, for opening up the upper waters of the Yangtze kiang to steamer traffic. What, ask the Peking authorities, would become of all the boatowners and boatmen, the trackers and coolies, if "fire-wheel ships" were admitted into the reaches above Ichang, which have hitherto been traversed only by the harmless junk? What would become of the Fêngshui of the district? and what would be the effect on the riverside populations of such a new element in their existences?

It is not necessary to accept these arguments as the expression of the *bona fide* views of the Mandarins on the subject, any more than it is to imagine that when Li Hung-chang memorializes the Emperor to confer honours on a river dragon for assuaging a flood he believes in the existence of such a monster. But it is incumbent on the Mandarins so far to acquiesce in the opinions of the people as to be able to pose as their champions; more especially as they are urged from another and a more influential quarter to oppose tooth and nail the proposed innovation. The provincial

authorities see in the advance of foreigners into the interior the ruin of their revenues, and they have in the fate of the Kweichow Customs duties a standing warning of what may be still further expected if the insidious "foreign devil" is allowed to push his way inland. Until lately the receipts from the Kweichow Custom-house were, next to those of Canton, the largest in the Empire, and these were, as a matter of course, paid into the Szech'uen provincial treasury. Two thousand taels—a sum equal to about 700*l.*—was the average amount collected each day at this barrier. Under the genial influence of these collections, the little market town of Kweichow expanded into a large and opulent city. Work-people crowded into it, and the more wealthy inhabitants built for themselves country mansions in the neighbourhood, which became houses of luxury and ease. Suddenly the order went forth that, in accordance with treaty, the foreigner should be allowed, by paying a transit duty of two and a half per cent. at the foreign Custom-house at Hankow, to send his goods from that port to Chungking in Szech'uen free of all further charge. The result of this was that the officials at Kweichow found their occupation gone, and the revenue has since been gradually reduced to nil.

With such an example before their eyes it need not surprise us to find the provincial authorities fighting shoulder to shoulder with the junkmen and coolies against Mr. Little's scheme. Mr. Little, on the other hand, is consumed with a zeal to open up the rich markets of Szech'uen to foreign enterprise, and to give the people of that province an easy means of transporting their products to the busy cities of Eastern China. The Chefoo Convention gives support to Mr. Little's proposal, and on the faith of that instrument he has had a steel steamer built, which is especially adapted for the navigation of the upper waters of the Yangtze kiang, and which is now at Ichang, waiting only for the sanction of the authorities to start on the voyage westward. It would be paying a poor compliment to Oriental diplomacy to suppose that the Chinese Ministers could not make out of the materials at hand a case sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure which has been brought to bear upon them in this matter. So far they have certainly succeeded in doing so, and it remains to be seen how long they will be able to hold their own against the importunity of the British merchants.

Of the ultimate advantages of opening the river to steamer traffic both to the Imperial exchequer and to people of the Western provinces there can be no reasonable doubt. Szech'uen, the immediate object of Mr. Little's enterprise, is a province as large as France; "it has an even superior climate; a far larger population, equally industrious and thrifty; a land delightfully *accidentée*, and cultivated to its highest slopes." Cereals of every kind yield rich and abundant crops; while sugar, tobacco, opium, and medicinal herbs are grown with little trouble and to great profit. As matters stand at present, the people of this favoured region, who are the richest in the Empire, and who in point of numbers represent thirty per cent. of the total population of China, absorb only nine per cent. of the foreign imports into China. This disproportion between the number of inhabitants and the consumption of foreign goods is the more noticeable because, though the soil of Szech'uen produces every other necessary of Chinese life, it does not produce cotton; and there can be no doubt that, if once a ready means of access were established, the quantity of Manchester goods imported would go up by leaps and bounds. Hitherto the merchants of Szech'uen have been deterred from making any large ventures by the difficulties of the two routes by which alone they have been able to reach the outer world. We know what are the dangers and delays which are inseparable from the passage through the gorges of the Yangtze—have we not the evidence of Blakiston, Gill, Little, and others on the subject?—and when we are told that these are as nothing compared with those which beset travellers on the mountain road over the Taingling shan, we can form some idea of what the perils of that route must be.

No one acquainted with the subject will, then, deny that, if Mr. Little succeeds in establishing a steamer traffic between Ichang and Chungking, he will confer an immense benefit on many millions of people besides English merchants. But we could have wished that he had been rather more explicit as to the manner in which he hopes to overcome the physical difficulties in his way. We wish he had told us how the rapids which beset the four hundred miles which separate those two cities are to be passed by steamers. Junks can now only make the voyage in from five to six weeks, which is a longer time than it takes to go from London to Shanghai. This at first sight seems preposterous; but when one reads the accounts travellers give of the rapids, whirlpools, eddies, and currents which have to be encountered, one only wonders that any vessels ever survive to drop their anchors off the wharves of Chungking. The following is Mr. Little's description of his first attempt to ascend the Yen rapid, which is by no means the worst on this dangerous piece of water:—

A gigantic whirlpool immediately below the rapid has hollowed out a bay in the rocks on the south bank, and where the eddy meets the downward rush a sharp point projects, which is a terribly ticklish place for a boat in the hands of trackers to round in safety. Our Laota (captain) having decided to take this course, we crossed the river, paddled up the eddy, which was running with unusual force, landed our trackers, and drove the boat's nose into the broken torrent while the eddy was still acting on her stern. The rudder ceased to act; our boat, on entering the down current, suddenly shot out towards the middle of the stream—the trackers were thrown down, and two badly hurt by being dragged over the rocks, while the boat heeled over, threatening to capsize on the instant; fortunately our trackers promptly cast off the tow-line in the nick of time,

* *Through the Yangtze Gorges; or, Trade and Travel in Western China.* By Archibald John Little. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

and we incurred no other danger than being swept violently down stream in the eight-knot current. Fortunately the up-river breeze still held, and the two men left on board were able to set the sail in time to get steerage way upon the boat before she drifted on the rocks below, and the Laota succeeded in steering her into the eddy on the safer left bank, with nothing lost but the result of the morning's toil.

Fortune in this case was more favourable to Mr. Little than she is often wont to be in such emergencies. A short time before he made this voyage Mr. Consul Gardner attempted to ascend the Shin rapid, and, his tow-line snapping, the boat was capsized, and his life was only saved by the exertions of the crew of the lifeboat, which is permanently stationed below the rapids to render assistance to voyagers who may be immersed in *gurgite vasto*. When Captain Gill went up the river, it was as much as a hundred coolies could do to drag his boat up this same rapid. Of course when, in the early summer, the level of the river rises in the gorges, as it almost invariably does, several tens of feet, the rapids become mere rushes, and there is abundance of water for a steamer of a considerable size. There is, however, another danger which was pointed out some years ago by Baron Richthofen, but which is not mentioned by Mr. Little. By the constant flow of the winter current the stream has in some parts scooped out for itself a narrow course in the middle of the wider summer bed of the river. As the water rises in the spring it conceals the limits of the narrower channel, with the result that junks are constantly stranded and wrecked on the shallow sides of the central stream.

The Yangtze-kiang is a river about which most people know no more than about the Salween or the Orinoco. The geography books tell us that it is one of the largest rivers in the world; but, if it were not for the adventurous voyages of the few travellers who have lately faced its perils, we should know nothing of its beauties, and should be ignorant of the stranger sights which are to be witnessed on its banks. For depth and majestic beauty the gorges of the Yangtze are probably unsurpassed anywhere. But for the full enjoyment of all scenery a certain amount of ease is necessary. It is quite impossible to appreciate even these masterpieces of nature when one is conscious that one's life is dependent on a tow-line which, under the fraying influence of a sharp rock, is threatening to snap in two every moment. Nor is the situation improved by landing on the banks, for there the foothold is so precarious that travellers unaccustomed to mountain-climbing are constantly reduced to scrambling on their hands and knees along the narrow ledges which serve as paths. Mr. Little tells us that in one of the gorges he attempted to follow the trackers.

At length [he writes] the towing-path rounded a smooth, almost precipitous rock, about 100 feet above the river level, until at last the narrow footway came to an end, and the elbow of the slope was rounded by some ten or twenty single footsteps, cut in the face of the smooth limestone, just large enough for the small feet of a Chinaman. I was stuck. I could not go forward, and dare not turn round to go back; the trackers were far ahead, and the short twilight was fast merging into night. I was almost in despair, when fortunately one of the trackers came back to look for me. Carefully divesting myself of my boots, avoiding a glance at the foaming water below, and holding the man's hand, I soon got over; but what a path for men harnessed to a tow-line to risk their necks on!

No wonder he fails to give us an adequate description of the scenery which surrounded him at that trying moment. But speaking generally his book, as a record of travel, is decidedly interesting. His knowledge of the Chinese language has enabled him to gather information which was inaccessible to most of his predecessors, and his long acquaintance with the East has made him a discriminating observer of the features of the country and of the habits of the people. His knowledge of Chinese history is not, however, on a par with his capabilities for travel. His assertion that, "since the last change of dynasty (A.D. 1644) the Chinese have enjoyed the blessings of peace and prosperity uninterrupted, with the exception of the petty wars of this century with ourselves and the French," is as true as it would be to say that Europe has been undisturbed by hostilities during the same period; and is in keeping with his statement that the Taiping leader, Hung Siuchuen, whose name he spells thus on p. 137, and Hong-hsio-choen on p. 2, "was one of the very few genuine Christian converts ever made in China." In the first place, Hung was never received into any Christian body, and was no more a Christian than Mahomet was, his religion being based on a study of some few chapters of the Bible and on the grotesque fancies of himself and his brother brigands. The implication, also, that missionary work in China has been absolutely barren is equally opposed to the fact. In 1886 421 Chinamen and women were baptized by the members of the China Inland Mission alone, and we must either accept the work of this Society as genuine, or we must believe that such men as Mr. C. T. Studd and the Polhill-Turners have allied themselves with a band of impostors.

THE CITY OF DREAM.

IN a prose note, hidden at the end of his book, Mr. Buchanan explains its scope and purpose. It is the "epic of modern Revolt and Reconciliation." The author means it to be "for the

inquiring modern spirit, what the lovely vision of Bunyan is for those who still exist in the fairyland of dogmatic Christianity . . . the sympathetic modern will find here the record of his own heart-burnings, doubts, and experiences, though . . . he may not have passed through the Valley of Dead Gods at all, or looked with wondering eyes on the Spectre of the Inconceivable; though he may never have realized to the full, as I have done, the existence of the City without God, or have come at the last, footsore and despairing, to find solace and certainty on the brink of the Celestial Ocean."

The City of God is in Heaven, said Philammon, when the Goths asked him whether their sacred city of Asgard lay up the Nile; and the result of the Quest described in *The City of Dream* may be summed up in the same words. The entire poem is more or less modelled upon *The Pilgrim's Progress*; but the reader will not appreciate *The City of Dream* as it deserves if he continually compares the two. Bunyan knew scarcely any book save the Bible, and this fact limited both his style and his ideas to those of the Scriptures, while Mr. Buchanan ranges over all subjects in Heaven and earth. Bunyan's personifications are as clear as noonday; but Mr. Buchanan's are not unfrequently obscure, and we forget the music of his verse while endeavouring to trace his allusions. We miss, too, the strong human interest and the shrewd humorous touches which enliven Bunyan's mighty allegory; and are inclined to become sated and dazed as we follow Mr. Buchanan's vague central figure through endless mazes of fruitless wandering, told in the same sweet, sad, monotonously melodious verse. Having said thus much, however, we must now express our genuine admiration for the poem as a very excellent piece of work when judged upon its merits. Its versification is rather that of *The Earthly Paradise* than that of *Paradise Lost*; but this is no mean praise; while the lyric songs scattered through the work are perfect of their kind. Many phrases will win for themselves a permanent place in the memory, as, for example:—

Like wicked music heard at dead of night
Within some fairy circle by the sea—

or,

When he spoke, his voice
Was like a fountain in a shady place.

The machinery of the poem may be briefly sketched as follows:—The Pilgrim passes from his home to Christopolis, which we conceive to be Rome. On his way he meets one Iconoclast, whom we believe we are right in identifying with Voltaire, on the authority of the line,

Iconoclast hath built this church to God,

which seems to be an echo of the inscription "Deo exivit Voltaire." Chased as a heretic from Christopolis, he takes refuge beyond "a great gate dividing the city into two parts"—the meaning of which is not so difficult to guess—and, after meeting "the outcasts of all the creeds" at the Wayside Inn, he arrives at the Groves of Faun—perhaps the most beautiful part of the poem—rich with gorgeous imagery, and the Amphitheatre, wherein "an effort is made to adumbrate the entire spirit of Greek poetry and theology." All creeds and all mythologies sweep in stately pageant through the Valley of Dead Gods; and then the pilgrim finds himself in the City Without God. Here he is seized and cast into prison; but, "forewarned and cunning to escape," he declares to the Inquisitors that "when the body of man is dust" nought survives—Shade of Bunyan!—save "those thoughts which are the heirloom of us all," and that the believers imprisoned with him are mad.

Because they see a Shadow on the world,
Namely, the Shadow of Death, and call it God.

Upon this the Inquisitors say, "This man is harmless, let him go," and as, sick at heart and shamed, he creeps away amid the rebukes of his fellow-prisoners, he seeks "some place wherein a soul worn out with pilgrimage may rest and pray." He finds a stately temple with rich painted windows, wherein, "instead of Saints, were wise men of the earth," and an unseen choir sings the Darwinian theory. Driven thence, he finds a vast hall, where a lecturer practises vivisection. We must leave our readers to follow him to the shore of the Celestial Ocean, where he listens to the music of the spheres, finds "the dream of generations justified," learns to look on Death as a friend rather than a foe, and is taught by the vision of the "Ship of Souls" to look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

Mr. Buchanan is too fond of sonorous meaningless words:—

Through all the *architraes* of that blue vault
Above us bent a waste
With never wood nor gentle *cynosure*.

The *emphrasy* of pain.

Does Mr. Buchanan know that *cynosure* means a dog's tail?

EPOS (*sic*) ANAP'KH, and Ellooles we must charitably suppose to be printers' errors; but what are we to say of "Microcos" or "Kratos and dark Bias"? Christ, moreover, is repeatedly called "the Paraclete"; and many pious readers will be justly shocked at the words from the Cross being put into the mouth of the dying Cheiron, as it appears, and with the vision on the vivisection's table. But let us take leave of Mr. Buchanan *con la bocca dolce* by quoting one of the finest similes of *The City of Dream*:—

Hast thou stood
Within some vast cathedral's organ-loft
While the great organ throbs, the stone walls stir,

* *The City of Dream: an Epic Poem.* By Robert Buchanan. London: Chatto & Windus.

The thunder of the deep ecstatic bass
Trembles like earthquake underfoot, the flame
Of the bright silvern flutes shoots heavenward,
And music like a darkness and a flame
Gathers and kindles, wrapping in its cloud
The great cathedral to its upmost spire?
Ev'n so, but more immeasurably strange,
Throb'd solemn music through Christopolis:
And all my soul grew sick with rapturous awe
As slowly to the sound I mov'd along,
Amid the shining temples, silver shrines,
Solemn cathedrals, shadowy cloister walls,
Under the golden roofs, beneath the spires
With fiery finger pointing up to Heaven,
Far over head, from glittering dome to dome
Flew doves, so high in air they seem'd as small
As winged butterflies, and 'mid the courts
Paven with bright mosaic and with pearl,
Walk'd, wrapped in saintly robes of amethyst,
Processions of the holy, singing psalms,
While smoke of incense swung in censers bright,
Blew round them, rosy as a sunset cloud.

FLEEMING JENKIN.*

PROBABLY few distinguished men have ever left the world after doing much to help it on who so thoroughly required notice after their death as Professor Fleeming Jenkin. The curious absence of all self-seeking, even of the most legitimate kind, which distinguished him in his professorial and scientific work, together with his worship for and absorption in his distinguished colleague, leader, and teacher, Sir William Thomson, has caused his name to be almost entirely unknown to the general public. Even in the scientific world perhaps he never held as high a reputation as he deserved. For in the great advance in pure science which has been of so much importance to applied science—the fixing and standardizing of absolute measurement of electrical phenomena—his part was principally that of the man who forced the thing into prominence and had it done. But although, besides this, he gave much help to his colleagues on the Committee of the British Association by his clear grasp of the subject and his ready and fertile inventive powers, and although he drew up the report of the Committee, yet the names of his colleagues are better known than his. Apart from professorial life he was, if not known to the public, well known and much loved by a very large number of personal friends. To them he was known not only as a man always full of life and spirit, but as one of so ready a mind, so clear an intellect, that any man who would listen could extract from him many a valuable hint and many a fruitful saying on the subject nearest his own heart, however remote it might be from those subjects—and they were many—which Fleeming Jenkin was known to have studied and made his own. The present book gives more or less a record of his professorial and scientific life, and shows how much the world owes to him in the matter of electrical measurement, deep-sea telegraph cable-laying, and sanitary inspection, whilst the Papers will show how many different subjects were always kept at a high state of polish in his mind.

One thing will be clearly seen from these Papers, that Professor Fleeming Jenkin had the critical faculty in a very high degree, felt his power, and upheld the dignity of criticism by honesty and thoroughness. However much any reader may disagree with any opinions expressed in these Papers, yet, no matter what the subject may be, he will feel that these are the opinions of a man who knows his subject, who has thought deeply, and who is always ready with his reasons for forming those opinions. If the reader do not feel this at once, let him reflect that the criticism on Darwin's *Origin of Species* influenced the author, although much of the able and clever argument against evolution in any form would now be answerable by any earnest student of the subject, perhaps the more easily because the opinions of physicists and mathematicians as to the age of the habitable world have undergone great changes since this paper was written, and if any further proof of his clear grasp of new subjects were required, we might point to the fact that a review of a work on Gynecology, written by Mr. Fleeming Jenkin in his early years, was embodied by the author in the next editions of the work as an additional chapter. Both editors and biographer have had a difficult task, and, on the whole, it has been carried out well. Perhaps one or two of the literary and artistic articles could have been spared to make room for more of the scientific papers; certainly, in our opinion, those on Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, and Mrs. Siddons as Queen Catharine, might have been omitted, or at all events compressed, as there is but little Fleeming Jenkin and very much Professor Bell and Shakespeare, which occupies many pages which might have been devoted to the thoughts of Fleeming Jenkin.

However, such as the Papers are, they fully show the character of the man. Modest he was, yet never shirking the expression of his own convictions; courteous, yet always attacking fiercely what he considered to be wrong; many-sided, and versatile, yet never shallow, and, above all, thoroughly knowing his own mind and expressing his thoughts with a rare clearness and brightness of style. The short note by Sir William Thomson will show how

Professor Fleeming Jenkin's professorial and personal qualities affected his great leader; and one passage should be quoted here in support of our statement that Professor Fleeming Jenkin's work is practically unknown:—

He was the very first to introduce systematically into practice the grand system of absolute (electrical) measurement founded in Germany by Gauss and Weber. The immense value of this step, if only in respect to the electric telegraph, is amply appreciated by all who remember or who have read something of the history of submarine telegraphy; but it can scarcely be known generally how much is due to Jenkin.

To attempt to criticize Mr. Stevenson's memoir is by no means an easy task. There is much to admire in it, but, in our opinion, much to condemn, and still more which is inexplicable. In the first place, Mr. Stevenson, from necessarily imperfect materials, has succeeded with much skill in making a fairly consecutive narrative of Professor Fleeming Jenkin's life, and though debarred by ill-health from mixing personally with many of Jenkin's old friends, has brought together many characteristic anecdotes and records of conversations; but we very much question the good taste of raking up the carelessness and headstrong follies of families in whom the public takes no interest, the more so as we fail to see how Mr. Stevenson connects their vagaries with the character of their descendant, as he seems to think he has done, if we may judge from his reference to Mr. Francis Galton. But the point which is to us perfectly inexplicable is the apparent tone of depreciation and patronage in which Mr. Stevenson speaks of the subject of his memoir. It may be that, writing of a dear friend, he has feared to write in a tone of adulation, and writing of a friend old enough to be his father, he has feared to write in too submissive a strain, and thus has fallen into the opposite extreme; but even then we fail to understand by what mistakes or by what excess of caution Mr. Stevenson could have conveyed the extremely unpleasant impression of Professor Fleeming Jenkin's character which would be left on the mind of any stranger by reading the memoir alone, without correcting his judgment by reading the bright original letters or studying the collected papers. How this tone has crept in is perhaps no matter; to our mind it exists, but in spite of it the memoir is interesting. The story Mr. Stevenson has to tell is one of very great interest; for not only is it necessarily connected with the advance of science, and, above all, with the early struggles with the difficulties of deep-sea telegraph cable-laying, but it is also the record of a life of indomitable energy and cheerfulness—a life that no difficulties checked in its progress and no misfortunes could permanently cloud, emphatically a useful and happy life, and, further, a life passed amongst many stirring scenes of modern history, Fleeming Jenkin having been present in Paris at the Revolution of 1848, and having heard the celebrated shot fired which started that outbreak. His impressions of these troubled times are set out in letters written by him on the spot to a boy friend. Later on he was present at the siege of Genoa, and all who read the account of his behaviour during these abnormal experiences can see that in the boy as in the man there was that remarkable blending of poetic and generous feeling with sound practical common sense that made him in later years so delightful a companion and so trustworthy an adviser—qualities that enabled him to live up to his favourite maxim, "Work at your play and play at your work." He truly put as much energy and thought into his play as would set up most hardworking professional men, and got as much enjoyment or play out of the hardest work as would satisfy the most ardent pleasure-seeker. In conclusion, we may say that we hope that all who read these volumes will form their own opinion of Professor Fleeming Jenkin's character, manners, and abilities from the materials to be found in his own letters and papers rather than accept what appears to be Mr. Stevenson's view of them.

JEBB'S ANTIGONE.*

PROFESSOR JEBB'S edition of Sophocles is already so fully established, and has received such appreciation in these columns and elsewhere, that we have judged this third volume (*The Antigone*) when we have said that it is of a piece with the others. The whole edition so far exhibits perhaps the most complete and elaborate editorial work which has ever appeared. It seems scarcely possible that anything material to Sophocles can have escaped such diligence as these pages show. Indeed, the desire of the editor to present everything is only too impartial; and we are sometimes disposed, when we consider the extent of the subject and the condensed argument of the commentary and appendices, to recall him from refutation or examination to the task excellently described by himself as that of setting forth "his own mind in relation to Sophocles." But to the class of readers chiefly interested in a work of this scope the argumentative parts of it are so valuable that we can wish nothing away. And it is certainly a remarkable achievement, of which the worst that could be said is that it is too perfect.

In this volume the Introduction (to which in the space at our command we shall mainly confine our remarks) is very interesting and satisfactory. The most important question presented by the play is whether we are intended by the poet to view the conduct

* *Papers, Literary, Scientific, &c.* By the late Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S., LL.D., Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by Sidney Colvin, M.A., and J. A. Ewing, F.R.S. With a Memoir by Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

* *Sophocles—The Plays and Fragments.* With Commentary and Translation by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, &c. Part III. *The Antigone.* Cambridge: University Press. 1888.

of the heroine with an unqualified sympathy? whether Antigone, in giving burial to her brother, though her king forbids the act, is to be regarded as simply maintaining the just rights of the private conscience against tyranny, or as urging with exaggeration one just principle incompatible for the moment with another also just, the principle of constitutional authority. Should her punishment be regarded as in some sense just? On this question Professor Jebb takes what we hold to be the right view—Antigone is intended by Sophocles to be wholly right, Creon wholly wrong. On the one hand, Creon is not truly representative of constitutional authority. "When the unanimous opinion of the community was ignored, the Athenians of the poet's day would feel that, as Hæmon says, there was no 'city' at all." On the other hand, Antigone is fulfilling the most absolutely sacred of Hellenic obligations. In all that the editor says on the force of Hellenic feeling in favour of burial we fully agree; what he says as to the great antiquity of this feeling is not necessary to his argument and not indisputable. In Homer we find at the most the rudiments of such a sanction; and when "the antiquity of the maxim that after a battle the conquerors were bound to allow the vanquished to bury their dead is proved by the fact that it was ascribed either to Theseus or to Hercules," it must be remembered that to claim a fictitious antiquity is a common defence of innovation. Sophocles himself, we think, might supply arguments to show that, even in the fifth century, the concession of burial under all circumstances, though doubtless safe from dispute among more civilized people, had not yet passed altogether beyond the region of contest. If it had, we should scarcely find it so prominent a subject of dramatic interest as it is in the *Ajax* and *Antigone*. However, this is, for the editor's purpose, merely an *obiter dictum*; on the main argument we entirely agree with him. Of the history of Sophocles's plot he has said what can be said. Unfortunately the indispensable documents are wanting. The epics of the Theban cycle, which must have been for the history of tragedy at least as important as those of the Trojan, are almost entirely lost; and we can only guess in what shape the story came to Æschylus. When we come to Sophocles the difficulty is complicated by our imperfect knowledge of Æschylus. The *Seven against Thebes* breaks off in the very middle of Antigone's story, and is obviously written "to be continued." The situation which it leaves is indeed, as Professor Jebb explains, essentially different from that of Sophocles. The Antigone of Æschylus is openly supported by some of her countrywomen; the Antigone of Sophocles stands alone. But for the literary history of the plot it is all-important to know whether Æschylus continued the story, and how. And just this is unknown to us. The "council" who are defied by Æschylus's Antigone could hardly have put her to death; if they did, they must have been much embarrassed by the case of her "maidens." Professor Jebb indeed regards these attendants as representing one side of average civic opinion, which, we think, goes beyond, if it does not contradict, the language which Æschylus puts in their mouths. But the sequel is not easy to figure, and for us at least remains untold. To return to Sophocles; we are rejoiced that the editor adds his weighty vote against the genuineness of the passage (904-920) which quibbles away the very essence of Antigone's justification for a miserable quirk upon the comparative value of brothers and other relations. His opinion, if not rigorously demonstrable, is probable and pious, and we shall continue to believe it. We should call it demonstrable if only we could guess the interpolator's motive. In connexion with the *Antigone* the editor of course discusses the alleged election of the poet to the office of *strategus*. He shows that the fact is by no means so surprising as it may seem at first to a modern conception, and in fact offers no internal difficulties to balance its respectable testimony.

Among the emendations, commendably few, proposed in this volume we notice, as to us quite satisfactory, *παρά δὲ Κρανίων πελάγαι διδύμος ἄλδς* "by the waters of the Dark Rocks, the waters of the two-fold sea" (for *κρανίων πελάγαιον* [sic] 966), and *καὶ ταύτ' ἐπαινεῖς, καὶ δοκεῖ παρειακῆν*; "And this is thy counsel? Thou would'st have me yield?" (for *δοκεῖς*, which gives the irrelevant question, "Art thou minded to yield?" 1102). In 23 *ὅπως χρήσει δίκαια καὶ νόμον* (proposed concurrently by the editor and G. H. Müller, for *ὅπως χρησθεὶς δίκαια καὶ νόμον*) is acceptable; equally so, and simpler, *ἀντιπάλῳ θυσχεῖρωμα δράκοντος* (for *δράκοντι*, 126), "a thing too hard for him to conquer as he wrestled with his dragon foe." The note here might well be dis-embarrassed of the reference to "*Æsch. Theb.* 1022, *τυμφοχόα χεῖρωματα* . . . works of the hand in mound-making," a use of *χεῖρωμα* utterly different from the others cited and from any that is likely to be cited. The passage of Æschylus would not admit the meaning given, even if the use of *χεῖρωμα* did: it must be erroneous and is of no authority. To suggestions not his own Professor Jebb seems occasionally too indulgent; in 466 *ἡσχόμην νέων* is changed (after Semitelos) into *ἡσχόμην νέων*, a restoration possible certainly, but so speculative that we should prefer an "obelus." In the passages, unusually numerous in this play, where our MSS. differ from ancient quotations, he reinforces the common-sense view that an ancient editor deliberately engaged in reproducing a poet's text was far less likely to blunder than a writer who perhaps had no copy before him at all, and might well be careless about a variation which did not affect his purpose. Quotations may supplement MSS. evidence, if defective, but are of little or no weight as against it.

Of the three Theban plays of Sophocles, now completed, Pro-

fessor Jebb truly remarks that, even when arranged (as they were not produced) in order of plot, they do not make a "trilogy"; they are not parts of one literary whole. We gladly note a restriction on the abuse of this word, which, if only for clearness, might well be reserved to one sense—"Three tragedies produced (with a satyric drama) at the same time." The three plays of Æschylus's *Orestes* formed a "trilogy" because they were produced together, not because they make a complete whole; the *Linus*, *Edipus*, and *Septem* of Æschylus formed a "trilogy" because they were produced together, and although they did not make a whole artistically complete. The union of the three contemporary tragedies by plot is described by Professor Jebb as "the practice of Æschylus," and is extended to include the "satyric drama." The practice was of course not universal with Æschylus, nor is it easy on the present evidence to say how far it obtained. The ascertained examples are not very many. But this subject is beyond the present occasion. We should rather turn, if we had space, to the editor's excellent translation and commentary, which we have hardly touched. But it is quite impossible here to do justice to the subject, and we would rather excuse our default by the frequency of the editor's diligence in demanding a commendation which he does not require. This volume is full of enjoyment both for students and simple readers, and we anticipate with confidence the continuation and completion of Professor Jebb's most honourable task.

OUR RIVER.*

THOUGH *Our River* is only a new edition of a favourite work, we fear it may have been neglected, if not forgotten, and it is a book that loses nothing by keeping. Moreover, there is a multiplication of the charming illustrations, and there are many alterations and additions. The Thames has been often described with pen and pencil, in prose and verse; but nevertheless lovers of the river seem never to be weary of hearing of it. They are under the spell of its bright associations, and are pleasantly haunted by the memories of merry boating parties or solitary musings in the sunshine of soft summer days. Those fervent admirers of Father Thames must be in strong sympathy with Mr. Leslie, who has taken the river to his heart and studied it in all its moods and caprices. He has brought out this new edition of his book in nipping winds and biting frosts, and so far it is tantalizing; yet it comes to us like a balmy breath of spring, and we almost forget to shiver for a time, as we lie basking in the glow of the summer we long for. Mr. Leslie writes of the Thames in all its aspects, but chiefly and naturally from the artistic point of view. He seems to have taken to the water like a young duck, and escaped by a series of miracles from his dangerous boyish adventures in crank or unseaworthy craft in Battersea Reach and below the London bridges. The gifted son of a distinguished painter, he was brought up in a society of artists, and his own artistic instincts were rapidly developed when the elder Mr. Leslie took a cottage at Hampton. It was then he first fell in love with the Thames, and his love has since grown into a passion. Summer after summer, since he began to handle a brush, he has gone to seek inspiration on its banks. The artists, like the fraternity of beggars and tramps, make it a point of honour to communicate their experiences. They are attracted, of course, by the fascination of the scenery that suggests their favourite subjects; and they combine considerations of economy with appreciation of the comfortable and an admiration for all that is picturesque and effective. For the most part they shun the fashionable hotels and the inns where apartments are generally bespoken in advance by the families of City men and couples who have gone honeymooning. They have their favourite houses of call in old-fashioned hostleries and in snug cottages with lozenge windows, where the rooms are clean, where the spotless bed-linen is scented with lavender, and where the mistress makes herself the mother of her guests, and takes a pride in her simple cookery. Mr. Leslie has much to say of some of these comfortable, though unpretentious, places of sojourn. Season after season in his bachelor days he used to go to the cottage of a certain Mrs. Copeland at Taplow, and he pays a tribute of gratitude to his good old friend in the shape of the portrait of a lady in spectacles, which must be a striking likeness. There, in a little spare bedroom, he entertained many an eminent or rising artist. There was a strip of garden running down to the little landing-place, at which he kept his boat; and there he laboriously initiated himself in the science of punting, and became the proud possessor of a punt of his own. That marked an epoch in his artistic existence. Thenceforth he was independent, and the punt became a floating studio, in which he set up his easel, and painted the otherwise inaccessible pieces of scenery that chanced to strike his fancy. He explored romantic backwaters, brought himself to an anchor under moss-grown eel-bucks between a couple of rypecks, and kept himself besides in first-rate condition by bringing all the muscles into active service. Through all the chapters of his fascinating volume he sings the praises of the punt. There is no painting to be done in outriggers, or even in tubs; steam-launches he holds in abhorrence and contempt; and he talks slightly of the voluptuous

* *Personal Reminiscences of an Artist's Life on the River Thames.* By George D. Leslie, R.A. With upwards of Fifty Illustrations. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. 1888.

indolence inseparable from the commodious house-boat. But the punt he considers the perfection of a water-carriage for the painter, and especially for the painter who is a family man. The companion of his pleasures and his cares may establish herself comfortably among the cushions at the stern, and a child or two may tumble about without any danger of upsetting the craft. Nor is the management so difficult as a novice might suppose. If you invite unsuspecting friends to an outing, you can often press them into hauling at the tow-ropes; and Mr. Leslie has found in practice that they usually submit uncomplainingly. When you are reduced to do the heavy pulling against stream yourself, experience teaches you how to dodge the drudgery; and Mr. Leslie waxes actually eloquent as to the dexterity with which the adept can direct his craft. His punt seemed at last almost to anticipate his will, and yield docilely to the slightest turn of the wrist. That there are certain drawbacks he candidly confesses. The pace is slow; the number of passengers is limited; and, above all, the exigencies of punting bring the punter in for a good deal of abuse. The master of a steam-launch is freely cursed, of course; but he can laugh at the enemies he quickly leaves behind him. Whereas the punter may have to work up in the shallows beneath the bank, where a row of eager fishermen entered for a competition are jealously watching their floats. Naturally they resent the troubling of the waters, which scares the fish and makes them haul in their baits.

Mr. Leslie enlivens his book with many and miscellaneous reminiscences, and he relates them with a good deal of humour. Take, for example, some personal recollections of his hens, for he makes pets of his poultry, and cherishes a famous game breed. Two old hens have an embarrassing habit of "getting broody" late, when he no longer wishes for chickens. "They sit together, forming a sort of 'company limited' for hatching china eggs. It is astonishing how the other hens testify their faith in their company by investing eggs in it every day, which of course are removed. These hens go on in this queer partnership for three months, time being no object." Again, as a close and loving observer, he dashes off with his pen a series of delightful vignettes of the wild life on the Thames that may be met with even now; of the hanging gardens of wild flowers clothing steep cliffs of chalk and clay, and of the beds of blooming sedges and aquatic plants in which the punter may easily lose his bearings. The graceful swans are the great ornament of the river; there is a charming picture of three of them, done with the brush, as they float in the swirls and among the leaves of the lilies, between a stormy sky and the surface that mirrors it. The moorhens, although persecuted by the poaching roughs with their guns and dogs, of whom Mr. Leslie complains bitterly, are still to be seen frequently swimming below the banks. It is the more surprising that so many have survived since persecution has not taught them to conceal their nests. They build in the most simple and artless fashion, trusting, apparently, to the colours of the surrounding sedges to conceal them. The kingfishers get scarcer year by year, though they are still to be seen in the more secluded backwaters. Generally you may get a glimpse of a bright flash of colour shooting up or down the stream in the shadow of the bank or the bushes. But once Mr. Leslie had an opportunity of leisurely admiring one when it perched within a few feet of the spot where he was sketching, and remained motionless on the branch for several minutes. Herons are still common; and Mr. Leslie attributes it to the wariness which makes it almost impossible to approach them. That may be the case on a broad and bustling river, but we may say that on back-of-the-world streams and nooks in the far north we have found the heron anything but shy. At least he will imprudently tuck up a leg and settle himself for his fishing where the banks make it an easy business to stalk him. "There be land-rats and water-rats" in great abundance. Mr. Leslie detests the former, who come with a savour of the sewers to what should be the sweet-smelling Thames; but he has rather a liking for the latter. Listening as you go punting past, you may hear them clumping in the reeds; but when the punt comes to an anchor, and the punter keeps quiet, he is sure to see one or two come swimming out of the cover, and going in for their gambols on the boughs of the willows. Those clay-cliffs which are so brightly tapestried with flowers are honeycombed towards the bottom by the burrows of the water-rats; and the unlucky beasts are sometimes sorely put to it when floated out of their homes by the winter inundations. Mr. Leslie gives enchanting descriptions of the water-plants, and of the bank flowers in their summer bloom. With a painter's eye for colours and contrasts, he sketches the purple blossoms of the loose-strife blending with the pinks of the bushy willow-herb. And the St. John's wort may always be seen in close proximity to these, "the rich yellow flowers in exquisite harmony with the purple stalks and heads of the loose-strife." The river has gay gardens of its own; the islets of sand and gravel cast up by the changes in the currents are quickly covered with grasses and sedges, and even with the bright blue forget-me-nots. Yet, strangely enough, some of our most familiar wild plants are conspicuously absent, and ferns and primroses are rarely to be seen, though the soil may seem suited to the one and the other. But what has struck Mr. Leslie most forcibly, in his fond admiration of nature, is the marvellous and invariable harmony of design. Where man has not dared to meddle there is nothing to jar on the senses. And where Nature is not atrociously outraged she is ever ready to forgive and repair. You cannot expect her to tolerate a cast-iron bridge or to throw her draperies over some staring factory building. But "very rapidly

a new weir or lock becomes picturesque and beautiful; it is true the agents at work are powerful—large flowing bushes, tall grass and mosses, aided by the rushing waters, with their spray and a few weeks' hot sun." The river banks, being left to themselves, "are most charming studies of true arrangement, the most beautiful being always those that have been left undisturbed the longest. In the growth of trees and bushes what a wonderful thing it is that almost every leaf takes its line, and has reference to the lines and composition of every other leaf on the plant! . . . My favourite willow is a beautiful example in this respect," in the harmonious colouring of the foliage, and even in its self-adjustment to the setting of the landscape.

We have glanced at Mr. Leslie's volume chiefly in its picturesque aspects, because his aesthetic susceptibilities and his educated eye give a special interest and value to these. But as a handbook and a boating guide it is greatly to be commended; it indicates all the most attractive stretches of scenery; it directs attention to ruined cloisters and ancient manor-houses, to quaint farmhouses and cottages, to old-world hamlets clustered out of sight among their trees in the shadows of their grey old church-towers. It recalls the legends and historical memories of the past, as it is full of interesting reminiscences of the author's artist friends. And among the contributors to the fifty illustrations which enrich it are Mr. Marks, Mr. Briton Riviere, and the late Frederick Walker, who lies buried in the quiet churchyard of Cookham, and lulled by the murmur of the river he loved so well in life.

THE LAWYER, THE STATESMAN, AND THE SOLDIER.*

THE Lawyer, the Statesman, and the Soldier is the somewhat large title which Mr. Boutwell has chosen for a little collection of magazine articles or addresses devoted to Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Lincoln, and Grant. All four are good subjects for critical and biographical essays. Much has been written on them; but that is no reason why we should not have more. Even if there is nothing new and true to say about them, the essayist always has the resource of rephrasing the said better than it has been said already. Mr. Boutwell had his literary chance; and, as he was personally acquainted with all four men, it was a good one. He has so far availed himself of it as to have placed on record his own very ardent admiration for his four countrymen. This, in its way, is a matter of some importance. In future times, when the American historian sums up the period beginning with the youth of Webster and ending with the death of Grant, he will have Mr. Boutwell's word for it that these men appeared to him, and doubtless to many others, to be in the very first rank of greatness. Surveying all history, with that large sweep peculiar to Americans, Mr. Boutwell finds that these four eminent citizens rank with Pitt, Burke, Julius Caesar, and generally with the foremost men of all the world. What reflections this estimate will give rise to in the mind of the American historian of the twenty-first century we shall not undertake to predict. Perhaps in the course of the ages the adjective "great" will come to be used with more discrimination in the United States. Perhaps it will slide further down the slope. By the twenty-first century it may have run the whole course which has reduced "naughty" from the King's Bench to the nursery. In the meantime Mr. Boutwell supplies an example of the prevailing American use.

Beyond that, he cannot be said to have contributed much to the sum of knowledge about "the lawyer, the statesman, and the soldier." On the types he has not much to say which strikes one as of universal application, though general reflections are not wanting. Take, for instance, this oracular saying, "The great things of life are the products of truly great men." How true! Neither is novelty a feature of Mr. Boutwell's estimate of his four particular examples. We have heard better and more characteristic things of Rufus Choate than are given by him; and as for the other three, Mr. Boutwell judges them as a good party man should. As for the truth of his judgments, that also is to seek. Not that we accuse our author either of suppressing the true, except in one case, or knowingly stating the false. Beyond all doubt he has put nothing down in which he did not conscientiously believe—but, then, he believes like a party man. Again, he has a way of making large statements on matters of history and politics, and of stringing names together which howl at finding themselves in company. The practice is American, but uncritical, and indicates a want of the judicial faculty. In the essay on Rufus Choate, Mr. Boutwell makes the reasonably safe statement, that great orators cannot be said with confidence to have been "eminently successful in the practical affairs of government," and then he goes on, "Cicero may have been an exception, but even his career is open to question in that respect. [Well, it is.] Certainly the elder Pitt, Burke, Lamartine, Kossuth, and Castelar are instances of failure, and some of them are conspicuous examples." Here are five orators one wonders to see pulling in the same whaler. We did use to think, too, that the statesman who helped England out of the Walpolian slough of despond, the meanest mire she ever lay in, and who among other things settled the fight between us and the French in America, was not without practical faculty. This trick of rattling off strings of historical names is about the surest mark of the sciolist. In the essay on Daniel

* *The Lawyer, the Statesman, and the Soldier.* By George S. Boutwell. New York and London: Appleton & Co.

Webster Mr. Boutwell contrives to combine partizanship and bad criticism in a parallel between him and Calhoun. The South Carolina leader, he says, cannot be fairly called a statesman, because he "identified himself with the institution of slavery"; which means that nobody can be a statesman who was not on Mr. Boutwell's side. "Webster," he says, "was known as the defender of the Constitution; and that he was, for he well knew that the Union would stand as long as the Constitution was observed"; while "Calhoun's teaching tended to the destruction of the Union." But both men claimed to be devoted to the Union, and both believed that its continuance depended on the correct interpretation of the Constitution. The question between them just was as to the correct interpretation. Because the Union was preserved in one way, which for the rest was not Webster's, it does not follow that it might not have been saved in the other, which would have been Calhoun's. Mr. Boutwell skips very gingerly over the, for him, awkward fact that Webster also, in the end, "identified himself with the institution of slavery."

The four papers on Lincoln and Grant are full, as might be expected, of exaggerated praise. What is to be said about the criticism of a writer who asks for a judgment on Lincoln, "not as a competitor with Mr. Douglas for a seat in the Senate of the United States, but as a competitor for fame with the first orators of this and other countries, of this and other ages"? Of course he can have his judgment if he insists on it, but there are some comparisons which one does not make. We also have an answer ready to the question whether Grant's career can "fail to place him with the small number of great generals since Julius Cæsar"? No, we do not think that he will mess in heaven with Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Marlborough, and the Great Napoleon. Still, when a heavy discount has been taken off for inflated rhetoric, there is a residue of solid truth in Mr. Boutwell's praise. As time goes on, and as the actors in the Civil War write or are written about, the President and his General look taller, and not smaller, among their competitors. The great names Mr. Boutwell lavishes so freely may be left aside, but Lincoln and Grant are certainly the least inconsiderable figures in their surroundings, with the exception of the two foremost soldiers of the Confederacy. The President had at least some of the qualities of a statesman. He knew his own mind, he had a definite object before him, and a good notion how to attain it. His intellectual honesty was respectable. He could estimate any fact he had to deal with, and he never thought that a thing must be so and so because it would suit his convenience that it should be. These are at least the qualities of a resolute, sagacious man; and, as compared with the professional politicians of Washington, or the vapouring logic-choppers of the South, they make Lincoln respectable and even dignified. It is all a question of comparison, and one need not take the standard least favourable to the President. Of Grant, too, it may fairly be said that he also knew what he had to do. One of the small number of great generals since Julius Cæsar would have seen that pegging away in Northern Virginia was a stupid, wasteful, and therefore wicked fashion of attacking the South. But the country wanted a big show, and Grant gave it, as became a workmanlike showman. At the mess-table spoken of already he will at least be entitled to a seat next to Suwarrow. He ought to get on very well with the Russian. The blessed ghost of the great King of Sweden could give either of them the king's bishop and checkmate in ten moves.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.*

AMONG the water-ways of East Norfolk there is abundance of picturesque material of the kind that needs not to be sought with diligence nor demands the ingenuities of selection and arrangement. The maker of pictures has little to do but to record his impressions by more or less frank transcript. The landscape is highly favourable to the reproductive process employed by Mr. P. H. Emerson in the twelve proof prints from copper plates after negatives which he has entitled "Idyls of the Norfolk Broad." About the working of this process Mr. Emerson is discreetly silent. His confidences do not extend beyond the statement that no re-touching of the original plates has been permitted. Being obtained direct from nature, they may be supposed to represent nature, and should naturally please. The prints vary in tone from a lively and warm brown to a cool and well-tempered grey; some are remarkably successful, others show imperfect co-relation of foreground and distances, with dry and harsh accents of detail, and a distance that is diaphanous yet unatmospheric. On the whole, the series is representative of the district of which Mr. Emerson writes with the knowledge that comes of enthusiastic study. No. 12, "The Mill," the "Haystack," the marshy pasture in No. 3, are charming pictures. "A Grey Day Pastoral" is a pleasing example of the cool, moist, and luminous effect of mild diffused light under a thinly-veiled sky. Among the remaining prints are some that have all the baldness and want of interest of ordinary photography. Mr. Emerson's text is pleasant reading, if at times a little redundant in adjectives. The

* *Idyls of the Norfolk Broad.* By P. H. Emerson, B.A., M.B. London: The Autotype Company.

enthusiasm is too obviously rampant in the statement that Wordsworth "would have failed to do justice" to the Norfolk scenery. Even Byron, who lamented the "narrowness" of the Lake poet, would have hesitated to say that the Broadists must needs prove too much for him. Mr. Emerson, however, thinks that the old Lake poet would never have become an old Broad poet.

PAINTERS AND THEIR WORKS.*

THERE is not much to be said about a book of this kind. It is an attempt to reproduce, in one volume and in a popular form, the chief subject-matter of such works as those of Kugler and Woermann on Mediæval Painters, and also includes a sketch of modern and even living artists. There is no trace of any original work in the book, and the author has seemingly not taken the trouble to read any of the great mass of information that has been published within recent years, mostly derived from existing documents, which in many cases have largely modified the long-prevailing beliefs on many points of the highest artistic interest. All the old-established blunders about painters and their works are reproduced by Mr. Radcliffe in a way that would have been excusable ten or fifteen years ago, but is quite unnecessary in a book published at the present date. Thus, for example, the great fresco of the "Doom" in the Pisan Campo Santo is attributed to Orcagna; Timoteo della Vite is called a pupil of Raphael; the tapestries which Raphael designed for the Sistine Chapel are said to have been woven at Arras; Melozzo da Forlì is said to "have painted only in Rome"; and countless errors of the same obvious kind are scattered through Mr. Radcliffe's pages. The description given at pp. 252-3 about the so-called invention of oil-painting is very misleading—the whole essence of the Van Eycks' discovery being the use of litharge and similar driers, and not at all, as Mr. Radcliffe states, the invention of better sorts of varnish.

In his chapter on English painters of the nineteenth century the author shows but little appreciation of what is most excellent in art. The old exaggerated estimate of Landseer's ability is given in such language as could hardly have been used even during the height of his not altogether fortunate popularity; and very insufficient justice is done to the brilliant abilities of Rossetti and some other contemporary artists, whose seriousness of purpose and exalted aims entitle them to a large measure of respect from all those to whom true art is something more than the production of pretty toys. Without much knowledge of art, a little care in revision would have enabled the author to avoid a large number of curious misspellings of proper names, as, for example, Parmagianino, Zuccara, Vallambrosa, Scalzo, Omphaleas, Nausicaa, and many others. With regard to the illustrations, one can only say that they are not very strikingly inferior to the text. They are mostly cheap reproductions of very spiritless engravings, executed in the dull mechanical style of half a century ago.

CAIRD'S SPINOZA.†

PRINCIPAL CAIRD'S little book on Spinoza has most of the respectable virtues that a book treating of a great philosopher within the limits of a "series" can be expected to have. It is conscientious in diligence, edifying and moderate in tone, and legitimate, according to the writer's highly respectable school, in its final judgment. Yet we cannot assert with truth that we have learnt anything from it, or express with sincerity an expectation that students of philosophy will learn much. We can only hope that others may find it more readable and stimulating than we do. Perhaps we are disqualified from appreciating its merits by an unfortunate habit which we formed a good many years ago, and have never been able to shake off, of thinking Spinoza more intelligible than his expounders. And as a matter of literary taste we prefer Spinoza's Latin to the neo-Hegelian dialect of North British. The conjectural history of Spinoza's relations to his Jewish and Gentile precursors has been pretty well worked out, and seventy-five pages out of three hundred and fifteen seems an excessive proportion to give to it when one has absolutely nothing new to say. The topic—certainly not less important—of the relation of Spinoza to modern ways of thinking does not appear to get any assignable number of pages at all. Also the ethical part of Spinoza's system hardly receives attention enough. It is a rather easy feat of nineteenth-century dialectic to glide lightly over the matters of permanent value, and make a parade of criticizing Spinoza's "theory of knowledge." Our own opinion is that Spinoza had not any "theory of knowledge" at all in the modern sense; and for our part we do not see how he could be expected to have one. We are conscious, indeed, that our objections go only to what Dr. Caird could get said under his conditions; they might be removed if we had before us the whole of what he intended or wished to say. Dr. Caird would doubtless have ordered many things otherwise if he had had elbow-room. But, after all, he was not compelled to write in a "series." Dr.

* *Schools and Masters of Painting.* By A. G. Radcliffe. New York: Appleton.

† *Spinoza.* By John Caird, LL.D. (In Philosophical Classics Series.) Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

Martineau, wise betimes, burst all such bonds, and produced a really excellent work. As we do not precisely agree with either commentator, we are at least impartial when we confess ourselves unable to put Dr. Caird's results on anything like the same level.

MR. FREEMAN'S WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.*

IT can scarcely have been a hope of dazzling the public with novelty which induced Mr. Morley to begin his series of "English Statesmen" by Mr. Freeman's *William the Conqueror*. He must rather have wished to show the scientific nature of his undertaking when he began a survey of the results of English statesmanship so far back as eight hundred years ago, and allowed Mr. Freeman to tell over again a tale which he has already told in many forms. We hope that this is a guarantee that Mr. Morley himself intends to deal with the eighteenth century, which we notice that he has reserved entirely for himself, in the spirit of a historian and not of a political pamphleteer. He begins his series, at all events, with a little book, of which the learning and solidity are beyond dispute.

More than this, though Mr. Freeman's views are already known to those who have read his previous writings, he has given in this volume a vigorous sketch, which is more than a summary of what he has said before. Though the main lines of the story are the same, though the general arrangement is unchanged, yet this book has a definiteness of its own, because Mr. Freeman has honestly endeavoured to set William in his place as the chief among the makers of England. He has given an admirable account of William's training, William's character, and William's work—an account which could not be amended within its own limits. But the chief interest which will attach to the series of "English Statesmen" will probably be, not so much the manner in which the historical side of the work is done as in the conception of statesmanship which exists in the minds of the various writers.

Now the central point in Mr. Freeman's view is given in the following passage:—"It was the fatal temptation of princes, the temptation of territorial aggrandizement, which enabled him fully to show the powers which were in him, but which at the same time led to his moral degradation. . . . Each step in his career as conqueror was a step downwards." We cannot gainsay this judgment; but it leads to many contradictory reflections. If William had remained Duke of Normandy, he might or might not have been a better man, but he certainly would not have merited the name of a great statesman. The Norman conquest of England undoubtedly caused bloodshed, was founded on oppression, and was maintained by violence; but it made the England of which Mr. Freeman is so proud. The institutions of early days might be excellent; the Witanagemot might have a procedure which contrasted favourably with that of our Parliament even as amended by the new Rules; but without the organizing capacity which the Normans introduced these institutions would probably have fallen into premature decay. Mr. Freeman admits this fully; but he cannot help falling back upon a modern formula about "the temptation of territorial aggrandizement" leading to "moral degradation."

It is, no doubt, very desirable that history should be written in a moral spirit; but its morality need not be that of current saws applied to a period when those saws had not been discovered. The phrase "territorial aggrandizement" would scarcely have had much meaning in William's ear. So far as it denoted what we mean by it, William would have repudiated it as indignantly as would Mr. Bright. William most likely took possession of England with as clear a conscience as Sir Bartle Frere asserted the rights of civilization against the Sultan of Zanzibar. Mr. Freeman is too good an Englishman to be able to look at the English even of the days of Ethelred and Edward the Confessor as they were looked upon by the public opinion of Europe. Indeed, that public opinion had very vague ideas about territorial rights; and William might be excused for thinking that a country which had been for some years overrun and then annexed by the Danes was scarcely capable of taking care of itself and sorely needed a competent ruler to manage its affairs. Mr. Freeman writes as though the right of the English to possess England and live there in any condition of confusion which they thought fit was a right immutably established in the nature of things, and that it was a crime to challenge it. Really Europe had gone through a period of incessant change since the fall of the Roman Empire. The *Völkerwanderungen* had continued till a sort of level of civilization had been established on the Continent. In the middle of the eleventh century the best men on the Continent thought that England had fallen below that level. They might be right or wrong, but they certainly thought so. They did not wish to see England exposed to invasions from the North and so threatening the peace of Europe. They desired to have England an orderly and useful member of the European Commonwealth. This was the reason why William's undertaking against England was regarded as a crusade. It was not only William's acuteness in extracting an oath from Harold, or a promise from Edward; it was not Lanfranc's cleverness in making the worse case appear the better. The Pope expressed the best opinion of Europe when he gave William his

blessing, because William's enterprise was one of European importance.

The result showed that this opinion was justified. England received no further infusion of population from abroad after the Norman Conquest, and it entered into the current of European civilization so decidedly that attempts to direct England's policy by purely insular considerations have never succeeded for any time. Moreover, the Norman conquest of England was the last of the *Völkerwanderungen*; it marked the close of a period of European history. The statesmen of the eleventh century were probably right, after all, in having no formula condemning territorial aggrandizement. Their formula was a positive one; it was, the recognition of a duty to maintain the level of European civilization within the limits which had been at any previous period marked out for it.

Mr. Freeman truly remarks that William won England and ruled England in the same way, by strictly observing formal legality and by working through legal fictions. Perhaps in so doing he bequeathed to English statesmen a temper or attitude of mind which has always distinguished them. They have not been distinguished for great conceptions, or far-reaching designs, or high endeavours after an ideal end; but they have shown a cautious regard for formal legality, they have been expert in the art of putting things, they have been skilful in making the worse side appear the better. Those who have sat in the seat of William the Great have amply repaid the statesmen of the Continent for the liberty which they took in sanctioning William's conquest of England; for they have learned the trick of pursuing English interests and justifying that pursuit by high-sounding phrases about the good of Europe and the progress of civilization.

CETYWAYO.*

WHEN Mr. Rider Haggard first published *Cetywayo and his White Neighbours* six years ago he was quite unknown as a novelist, and it was not difficult to see that he had not had much experience as a writer. But it was also obvious that his knowledge of the facts was very considerable, and that his brains and his heart were in the right places for the heart and the brains of an Englishman. The book now appears with an Introduction of nearly seventy pages, sketching the sequel of events which followed those recorded in the original volume. This Introduction (which, it may be observed, shows many signs of Mr. Haggard's literary practice in the interval, and is a remarkably lucid and forcible paper of its kind) is not much pleasanter reading than the body of the book, but it is not quite so unpleasant. Mr. Haggard traces the fortunes of the unlucky Wolesey settlement, and of the still more unlucky restoration of Cetywayo; details the efforts of the Usutu party against Usibepu, the calling in of the Boers, the reduction of Zululand to a mere shadow of itself by the rapacious invaders; the final interference (after long and useless prayers by all the best authorities on the subject), which first tore a certain part of their prey from the Dutchmen, and then safeguarded it with the unannexed portions by making Zululand British territory, as it ought to have been made years before. He gives at length some account of the Transvaal after the conclusion of the most infamous convention in all English history, and of the dealings of the Boers with their Western neighbours, and the interference, as before tardy and partial, which at last put some check to their filibustering. And he has a short, but very interesting, section devoted to the more recent and now far more important questions of Delagoa Bay and Amatongaland, in which he deals with the future in what we hope is not too sanguine a spirit. No one who knows Mr. Haggard's writings and views on the subject will need to be told that he anticipates much more trouble from the Dutch inhabitants both of the Transvaal and of such territory as it did not please Mr. Gladstone to give away; but he seems to see in the probably increasing productiveness of gold and other mines, and the consequent influx of English and miscellaneous diggers and immigrants, a *via salutis*. The Introduction is very well worth reading by any one whether he knows the book or not, and the book by any one who wishes to be acquainted with one of the most ghastly stories of injustice and imbecility combined that recent times have seen.

THE HISTORY OF PORTUGAL.†

MR. McMURDO would seem to be a very confiding person of no great familiarity with the literary code of honour. At least, that is the only decently civil explanation we can give of this curious venture of his. He has published a book, professing on its title-page to be a "History of Portugal from the commencement of the Monarchy to the reign of Alfonso III." (Compiled from Portuguese histories.) By Edward McMURDO. This sounds well, but unfortunately the work compiled by Mr. McMURDO is, in truth, a translation by "the accomplished Miss

* *Cetywayo and his White Neighbours*. By H. Rider Haggard. Second edition, with a new Introduction. London: Trübner.

† *The History of Portugal from the commencement of the Monarchy to the reign of Alfonso III.* (Compiled from Portuguese histories.) By Edward McMURDO. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

* *William the Conqueror*. By E. A. Freeman, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Mariana Monteiro" of Dom A. Herculano's *Historia de Portugal desde o começo da Monarchia até o fim do reinado de Affonso III.* On the face of it, this looks like a very curious proceeding; but Mr. McMurdo is so innocent that we cannot use strong words about him. Only a person of great inexperience could have thought that any profit was to be gained out of a "conveyed" translation of a Portuguese history which ends in 1279, centuries before the country began to be of any interest to foreigners. Then Mr. McMurdo is so confiding. He honestly confesses that he knows no Portuguese, and found his ignorance stand in the way of his commendable desire to learn something of the history of Portugal. The effort he felt was incumbent on him because he had a concession to make the Delagoa Bay railway. We have such a respect for the pursuit of knowledge that after this our heart warms to Mr. McMurdo. Then, too, except on his unfortunate title-page, he is quite the gentleman. He politely attributes all the merit of the present volume to his translator—the accomplished Miss Mariana Monteiro. If this lady told him that she had compiled the volume from the "anonymous of Sahagun," the records in the "Torre do Tombo," and other remote places, she probably said it with that air of confiding frankness sister woman generally assumes when she is telling a particularly monstrous fib; and Mr. McMurdo only fell a victim like the rest of his stupid sex. We hope that was the real story, and that Portugal deserves the credit of the practical joke. Perhaps the gentleman only thought that Dom A. Herculano (than whom a better-meaning historian, though a trifle dull) was unknown out of Portugal, and need not be named. If so he underrated the sagacity and extensive information of the British critic. As regards Miss Mariana's translation, we are prejudiced in her favour; but it seems to us, in the main, creditable. It is always stiff, sometimes confused, and here and there ungrammatical; but it is not so easy to write a foreign language, and the lady has used her dictionary honestly. She is quite entitled to an interpreter's certificate, and a place of dignity and emolument in the Portuguese Foreign Office, or at least in the Board of Trade, if there is one at Lisbon.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

MR. TROTTER tells us that his five lectures on the history and claims of *The Church of England* were put together at short notice and at a busy time for delivery in Newcastle Cathedral, and of course he makes no pretence to originality. They may have served their immediate purpose, but were not worth publishing. And the strange omission of any paging in the table of contents goes far to destroy the only possible use of the publication, as an elementary handbook.

In lumping together under the title of *Three Friends of God* Tauler, Henry Suso, and Nicholas of Basle, and identifying all three alike as "persecuted Christians" with the Lollards, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, Miss Bevan only reproduces the exploded blunder of Mr. Vaughan, and to a certain extent even of Dean Milman. Tauler and Henry Suso, who are afterwards "beatified" by Rome, were mystics but devout and obedient Catholics, and were not "persecuted." There is no proof that Nicholas of Basle, who was burnt as a heretic for teaching very different from theirs long after their death, had ever known them, and if he was, as some suppose, "the layman" who was once Tauler's friend—which the dates render very doubtful—there is clear evidence that his opinions had entirely changed in the interim. Miss Bevan falls into the vulgar error of confusing Mysticism with Protestantism, whereas in fact nine-tenths at least of the Mystics were Roman Catholics.

* *The Church of England, her Early History, Property, and Mission.* By the Rev. E. B. Trotter, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

Three Friends of God. By Frances Bevan. London: Nisbet & Co.

The Lighthouse on the Rock. A Series of Short Sermons to Children. By H. J. Wilmot-Buxton, M.A. London: Skeffington & Son.

The Parson's Perplexity. By the Rev. W. Hardman, M.A. London: Skeffington & Son.

St. Paul in Athens; the City and the Discourse. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

Thoughts for Heart and Life. By Rev. John Ker, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1888.

Present Day Tracts on the Non-Christian Religions of the World. London: Religious Tract Society.

Every Day Christian Life; or, Sermons by the Way. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: W. White, Limited.

A Manual of Church History. By the Rev. A. C. Jennings, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Story of Salvation. By Mrs. Jerome Mercier. London: Rivingtons.

Lessons on the Work of Our Lord. II. Claims of Our Lord. By Flavel S. Cook, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

A Treatise of Prayer by the Blessed John Fisher, Bishop and Martyr. A Reprint of an Old Translation. London: Burns & Oates.

Athanasius on the Incarnation. Translated, with Introduction, Analysis, Synopsis, and Notes, by T. H. Bindley, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

Preces Veterum. Collegit et edidit Joannes F. France. London: Rivingtons.

Family Prayers for Four Weeks from the Book of Common Prayer. By the Rev. J. Fleming, B.D. London: Skeffington & Sons.

Eucharistica. A new edition revised. London and Oxford: Parker & Co.

Mr. Wilmot-Buxton appears to have made it his speciality to cater for the spiritual needs of children, and judging from his *Lighthouse on the Rock* he succeeds well in his task.

Mr. Hardman informs us on the title-page of his *Parson's Perplexity*, which is not a tale but a collection of sixty short sermons "for the hardworked and hurried," that they are "suggestive" as well as short. We should ourselves rather have called them simple and suitable for the class addressed. Meanwhile his references to "the late Bishop Thirlwell" is suggestive of carelessness in correcting the press.

Dr. Macduff's *St. Paul in Athens* is a little volume full of pious but rather discursive reflections on the great Apostle's speech on the Areopagus, prefaced by descriptive and topographical notices of the city, put together apparently on the spot. If the language were simpler it would not make a bad Sunday reading book for children who have passed beyond the nursery stage.

Dr. Ker appears to have been a popular preacher in Scotland, and two volumes of his Sermons have been published. The present volume is a posthumous collection of fragmentary *Thoughts*, something after the manner of Coleridge's *Table Talk*, on various topics secular and sacred. They manifest a devout spirit, a good deal of miscellaneous reading, a breadth of judgment and of sympathy, a certain Scotch humour, and strong common sense; and the style is clear and natural, which cannot be said of the preface contributed by his Editor, Dr. Simpson. He quotes from some unnamed source a happy saying about Carlyle, that "he had a large capital of faith not yet invested." This may really be called a "suggestive" book.

The six Tracts by different writers on the great non-Christian Religions of the World, scattered over the series of *Present Day Tracts*, have been collected into a single volume, which will be found very convenient for reference. They deal with Islam, Confucianism, Parseeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and ancient Paganism.

In the preface to his last volume of Sermons, on *Every Day Christian Life*, Archdeacon Farrar lays down the obviously true principle that doctrine and morality can never be divorced from one another. The present course of Sermons deals mainly with practice, but claims to rest on a doctrinal basis. It exhibits to the full the characteristic merits, and less than usual of the characteristic faults, familiar to Dr. Farrar's numerous readers. He always indeed appears to us to be at his best in preaching, which gives free scope for his unquestionable Christian earnestness and more legitimate scope than some kinds of literature for the rhetoric and word-painting in which he is apt to exceed due bounds. It may at least be said of all these discourses that they possess one indispensable note of a good sermon, which is unfortunately too often conspicuously absent—they are interesting, even to read, and must have been still more interesting to hear. There are several misprints left uncorrected, e.g. in one place "a besetting God."

Mr. Jennings has inevitably failed in essaying the impossible. The very "terse" record of facts in his *Manual of Church History* is indeed, so far as we have observed, accurate and impartial, though the writer shows incontestably what he calls his "theological proclivity"—which is Protestant—in his comments e.g. on Eucharistic Liturgies and on the early cessation of miracles. But the real objection to his "historical method" is, not that it is "of very small educational value," as he himself admits, but that it is a direct hindrance to education. To pack ten centuries of Church history into a little over 100 small pages—the last eight being reserved for similar treatment in a second volume—is to make for those who trust to this manual all real knowledge of the period impossible, while for those who know something of it already the book is useless.

A still heavier indictment lies against Jerome Mercier's *Story of Salvation*, which she tells us in the preface is designed to encourage not the devotional but the critical study of the Bible, while yet "it cannot pretend to learning, and may be found too often incorrect." It is therefore worse than useless for its professed purpose, and, in spite of the goody-goody element which pervades it, is also very dull.

Some years ago the Rev. Flavel Cook showed that he had the courage of his opinions by refusing communion to a parishioner whose views he considered heterodox, and who prosecuted him for libel in consequence. These *Fifty-two Lessons on the Works and Claims of Christ* are intended for the guidance of teachers in Sunday Schools and Bible Classes. They seem to be very carefully compiled, and well adapted for their purpose.

Whatever may be thought by some of the recent "Beatifications of English Martyrs," no Englishman of any creed need grudge More and "the Blessed John Fisher" their new honours. This little *Treatise of Prayer* was written, in Latin, by the good Bishop about fifteen years before his death, and translated a century later by a priest trained at Douai. The translation is reprinted here without change of language or even orthography, which last is certainly a mistake, if it is meant for practical use. It concerns mental rather than vocal prayer, or what is commonly termed meditation. The tone is most scriptural and devout, and there is hardly a word any religious Anglican, or indeed any Protestant, would find fault with.

Mr. Bindley of Merton College has translated and annotated for the Christian Classical Series St. Athanasius's well-known treatise *De Incarnatione Verbi*, which is one of his earliest writings composed before the outbreak of Arianism. The editor has done his work well and thoroughly, and the little volume will be very acceptable to theological students.

Mr. France has compiled for the use of Anglicans under the title *Preces Veterum* a series of Latin prayers and hymns from the writings of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Anselm, St. Bernard, and others, omitting and altering in them whatever he finds "opposed to his convictions," which he calls by an ingenious euphemism "pruning occasional redundancy." Thus e.g. a marvellous muddle is made of the beautiful *Stabat Mater*—which is transformed into a kind of *Stabat Pater*—and with still less plausible excuse the last line of the *Dies Ire* is most absurdly changed into "*Dona nobis requiem*." We do not hesitate to call this sort of arbitrary manipulation both an historical and literary crime. It is at once an outrage on the writers whom it travesties and on the readers whom it misleads. It was quite open to Mr. France to exclude any compositions he considered doctrinally objectionable, as Archbishop Trench did in his volume of *Sacred Latin Poetry* published some forty years ago; it was not open to him to mutilate them. And as to his "practical aim," men sufficiently educated to prefer saying their prayers in Latin might, one would have supposed, be trusted to use their own discretion, instead of Mr. France's, in the matter. He has unwittingly emulated one of the worst tricks of ultramontane controversialists in cooking the Fathers. "*Corrigendus sanctus pater*," is his phrase; he is bolder, and calmly declares that the passages he has tampered with "are alien to the real intent of the writers themselves," which it was left for Mr. John F. France, some thousand years or more after their death, to discover.

Canon Fleming has thought it necessary to add yet another to the countless manuals of *Family Prayer* already existing. It is fair to say that, being made up entirely of collects from the Prayer Book, it is very preferable to most of them.

Mr. Clayton, of Magdalen College, Oxford, has issued a reprint of the Manual of Devotions for Communion, derived from the works of standard Anglican divines, originally brought out by the late Bishop Wilberforce half a century ago under the title of *Eucharistica*. In doing so he has revised carefully the text of the extracts which he found very faulty, but which he considers to testify in their authentic form to the continual maintenance in the Church of England of the doctrine of the Real Presence and Eucharistic Sacrifice. The little volume is very prettily got up.

SUPERNATURAL STORIES.*

THERE is in this and other countries a person of the male sex and of uncertain nationality, upwards of one hundred and forty-seven years old, able to appear and vanish as he pleases, and to a very limited extent, and subject to a great many restrictions, to raise the dead for purposes of cross-examination. Considering these advantages, he is a person of extraordinary fatuity, and though it is by no means clear what he wants to do there is every reason to believe that, whatever it is, he cannot do it. Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy styles him Benoni, and "To him who in these pages [the pages of *A Modern Magician*] is styled Benoni" Mr. Molloy's story "is dedicated in sign of service." The service thus designed does not appear to be one which untheosophical persons would enthusiastically appreciate, but there is no accounting for tastes. The dry bones of the story in which Benoni is made to play an abject part are in substance as follows. Mrs. Netley was a vulgar parvenue, with designs on "Society" (and she eventually married the imbecile brother of a duke; but that has nothing to do with the plot). She had a weak-minded but well-meaning niece, called Miriam, who married Philip Amerton, an author and a prig, of credit and renown. Colonel Tarbert was a villain. With the aid of another villain, generally called Jacob Glender, the Colonel committed forgery. (With the aid of his father's bankers, who were innocent of the knowledge that a cheque is invalidated if the drawer dies before it is presented, he got the cheque cashed; but that has nothing to do with the plot either.) Amerton neglected his wife, and Colonel Tarbert ran away with her, but after a short time they separated, and she went back to Philip. Jacob Glender then strangled the Colonel. Philip was arrested for the murder, but Glender committed suicide, and confessed his guilt while dying, so Philip was set free—or rather let alone, for a magistrate, who knew his business as little as the bankers mentioned above knew theirs, had released him on bail in defiance of the criminal law—and lived happily ever after with his sincerely repentant wife. By the murder of Colonel Tarbert, his virtuous cousin, Ulic Tarbert, became heir presumptive to a moribund earl, and by the suicide of Glender he was enabled to marry a lady who had been, but had not been known to be, Glender's wife. She was an author by trade, and wrote under the astonishing name of Gal Alex. The story having been sketched in outline, it remains to indicate the part played in it by Benoni the dedicatee. This impostor was called by his acquaintances the modern magician. In order to support the title he went

about in a purple velvet robe, and "on his breast burned a precious stone of unusual size and exceeding brilliancy." From time to time he flirted paternally with Gal Alex. He had met Amerton at Bouzarea, on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, and had given him to understand that he, Benoni, had been in the service of the Thibetan spookmongers for "a period numbering seven times seven years thrice told" ($7 \times 7 \times 3 = 147$), and that he perceived in Amerton unusual latent spooklike capacity. In return for this compliment, when Benoni came to London Amerton introduced him to society. The poor man's occult powers were of singularly little use to him, for he had to have a house just like any one else, and could not, or did not, use his power of appearing and vanishing except for momentary trick effects, at long intervals. He did, however, it seems, once break through the theosophical rule, and do a trick for the general edification. On his first introduction to fashionable circles in London, "for a while he became a lion." No details are given, but provided that, as the context seems to indicate, the scene of his exploit was a polite drawing-room, and not a den at the Zoological Gardens, it must have been an interesting spectacle. It was he who made Amerton neglect his wife, which he did by introducing him, with much mummerly, and for a few minutes only, to the astral principle of his "master," one Amuni, of Thibet. This person talked a little very commonplace twaddle out of the works of Paracelsus, Blavatsky, Olcott, and Co., and Mr. Maskelyne would have done the thing quite as well. When Amuni was gone Benoni told Amerton that if he would study hard and mortify the flesh the power of detaching his astral principle would be given to him. The wretched man thought of nothing else for a long time, but determined to devote himself to the occult life. At the end of the book Benoni told him that he was plucked, so that the net result of Amerton's searchings after the higher life was the escapade of Mrs. Amerton, who left him solely because he preferred his chelaship to her. Benoni gave only one other performance, and that was when Amerton was unlawfully at large on bail after being remanded on the charge of murdering Colonel Tarbert. They repaired to Wimbledon Common, where the murder had taken place, and with divers commonplace incantations they raised the spook of Colonel Tarbert. It was very reluctant to come away from the pleasant occupation of haunting the murderer, and all but escaped without telling them who he was. Benoni, however, by frantic exertions, just persuaded it to mention that Glender was the man. It may be mentioned that when Mrs. Amerton ran away Benoni was not of the least use to Amerton in his pursuit of the errant pair. He had to rely on the mundane assistance of Inspector Collins, who found out that they had gone abroad. Amerton said he would follow them to Paris. "In that case," said the inspector, "you cannot do better than consult Monsieur Tange. He is a man of genius, with the eye of a hawk and the instinct of a bloodhound." This passage is introduced only to show that Mr. Molloy is not less at home in describing the speech and manners of everyday policemen than in the exposition of occult mysteries.

The immediate causes of the Indian Mutiny have been much discussed. They remain to some extent obscure, but Mr. Arthur Lillie has now explained satisfactorily how it was that Lucknow was not stormed just before Havelock's arrival. He tells the story in *An Indian Wizard*. Adèle de Noirmoutier was "brought up in the frivolous Court of Louis XV., and taught to worship tinsel and glitter." While still young and beautiful she went to India, and married a heroic Englishman called George Pickering, who had "studied the Indian Yoga," and wore a salagrama. There was in the neighbourhood a wicked kinsman of hers, also called Noirmoutier, who by sinful practices had collected enormous quantities of priceless jewels and gewgaws. With the help of these he seduced Mrs. Pickering. Mr. Pickering was killed in the massacre at Patna, but just before going to his doom he had an interview with his wife. She warned him to escape, but he refused, and said:—"Amongst the tinsel trinkets for which you have bartered your honour you are destined to remain until you can find a human being as true as the one you have betrayed, and can conjure up in him a love as pure as the love you have outraged. Till then YOUR KISS WILL MEAN MASSACRE AS IT DOES TO-DAY." So he was massacred, and she became a vampire. Also she got hold of his skeleton, and set it up in a secret grotto among the gewgaws, and made poojahs at it on every anniversary of his death. On the first anniversary he appeared, and explained that the meaning of his curse was that she would continue to live and be a vampire, her kiss meaning massacre, and the salagrama enabling her to do what she pleased, until somebody loved her purely enough to give her a kiss with full knowledge of her story, and then she would be allowed to die. So things went on. "There was a strange and mysterious being walking through the [eighteenth and nineteenth] centuries." She loved, and presumably kissed, Stephen Lascelles, and there was a massacre at Vellore. She loved, and presumably kissed, Major Ashburnham, and there was a massacre in the Khyber Pass. Finally, in 1857, she loved and kissed Frank Lascelles, a kinsman of Stephen, and the Mutiny immediately broke out. He was at the siege of Lucknow. She told him all, and, further, that he could save the garrison only by treachery. He loved her with a love as pure as the one she had outraged, kissed her, and bolted. A sentry shot him in the knee. Mrs. Pickering, who had just appeared, and was in his arms at the moment, was shot through the heart by the same bullet, and died in the ordinary way. He thought he was sold,

* *A Modern Magician*. A Romance. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. Author of "Court Life Below Stairs," "Royalty Restored," &c. London: Ward & Downey.

An Indian Wizard. By Arthur Lillie. Author of "Out of the Meshes" &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Dreamland and Ghostland: an Original Collection of Tales and Warnings from the Borderland of Substance and Shadow. London: George Redway.

Can It Be True? By Francis Henry Cliffe. London: Remington & Co.

but he was not. He observed that an unforeseen attack was being executed by the matineers, and that Lucknow would be taken in five minutes. He called out, and gave the alarm to the garrison. The attack was consequently repelled, and Havelock, with his army, came round the corner. As he did so Frank Lascelles fell asleep, and dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls, "and by his side was a gentle being with a beauty not of the earth." Pickering's place in the tableau is not mentioned, but "From this dream Frank never woke up." That is the story of *An Indian Wizard*, so far as it explains history. There is a vast deal more concerning Yoga, which is the same thing as what Mr. Sinnett and his friends call occultism. Ghosts and mysterious personages pervade the romance, some being Mrs. Pickering and some not. Among the latter is a particularly horrible old Hindoo priest, whom Lascelles puts to death for being about to immolate Mrs. Pickering at the shrine of Kali. This he would, apparently, have been able to do because he had somehow got the salagrama away from her, and it is not clear what would then have become of the curse. It is a pity Lascelles interfered, because if the lady really had been killed the Mutiny, then in an early stage, would probably have collapsed. After the priest was killed he haunted Lascelles in the most unpleasant, Cheshire-cat fashion. He would come and say "Ha! Ha!" in the dark, the ghost of his white waistcloth glimmering weirdly at a suitable height above the ground, though nothing else was visible. The least comprehensible thing in the story is why Mrs. Pickering chose to die. She must have had a very pleasant time as a beautiful lady captivating hearts, sucking blood, and wielding a salagrama; and, if she had not relented, she might have walked through many more centuries.

Any person wishing to realize what a dull thing a ghost story is in itself, and apart from the extrinsic attractions it may derive from qualities common to all fiction, can do so by giving an hour to the perusal of any part of any one of the three substantial red volumes published under the title of *Dreamland and Ghostland*. An anonymous editor has collected no less than thirty-five stories having some claim to be considered ghostly or dreamish. There is a good deal of monotony about them. We should guess that they do not contain less than thirty old-fashioned "four-poster" beds, with hangings. Some of the stories lack this article of furniture, but no other sort of bed is permitted to occur. *The Ghosts of Cottan Court* may be described as an example. Some people take a fine old-fashioned country-house, and invite a party of friends to visit them. They are very much annoyed at night by a number of obtrusive spectres. Some are made up as nuns, and one as a walking corpse with a face "in the last stage of decomposition" (the italics are in the book). A peculiarly offensive smell is from time to time observed in particular bedrooms. The visitors leave in disgust, and after a few weeks the lessees give up the house, which no one else takes. All this is told in detail, and that's all. Perhaps the freshest story is that there was once a mysterious lady who used to ask her acquaintances what sort of mark they supposed the brand of Cain was, and to express a guarded sympathy with the first murderer. It turned out that whenever she was photographed the photograph came out all over spots, and each spot, on examination, was discovered to be a little picture of the face of a dead man. One would have been inclined to advise her not to be photographed. Some of the stories are asserted in head-notes to be true, and others are not. No reason appears for the distinction.

Can It Be True? is the story of a young man who was poor, came into a fortune of half a million, spent some of it, lost the rest by the discovery of a later will, and eventually married his only love, who had in the course of the story married and survived a peevish but wealthy ruffian. The people talk like this:—"A few tears will relieve you, Flora. You need not restrain yourself in my presence. I wish you to look upon me as your true and attached friend, and not to withhold your feelings." (This is called "a soothing strain.") The author talks—and he talks a great deal—like this:—"We shall enumerate one by one the wounds inflicted upon his heart, until at last, pierced through and through with the arrows of treachery, it will be a marvel that he arises and lives." The whole of each of the two volumes is dull as anything real could possibly be, and as unlike reality as anything profoundly dull can possibly be.

THE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM.*

MR. HAKE has undertaken a bold and difficult task, that of reviving interest in some of the points settled for nearly half a century by Sir Robert Peel's banking legislation of 1844 and 1845. Economists generally are now agreed that that legislation was to a large extent based upon misconception. Sir Robert Peel adopted the opinion, then very prevalent amongst English economists, that over-issue of bank-notes was the main cause of financial crises. Experience has since abundantly proved that inflation of credit is the real cause, and that crises may occur with or without over-issue of notes. The question, however, has for nearly half a century been regarded as dead and buried, and public interest in it has ceased. It will require all Mr. Hake's philanthropic zeal to revive that interest; for, though Mr. Hake uses economic arguments, his real motive is philanthropic.

Rightly he holds that the cause of the scarcity of employment, now unfortunately so general, is under-consumption, and not over-production. General over-production, indeed, is a contradiction in terms; and, though it is quite true that under-consumption implies over-production, since there cannot be under-consumption without an excess of production, yet that over-production is an effect, and not a cause. It should be pointed out, however, that, though general over-production is impossible, there may be, and there probably is, over-production in particular cases. At all events, there is undoubtedly misdirection of capital and labour. As examples we may cite the fostering of the iron industry in the United States and on the Continent, and also the development of the beetroot-sugar industry in most Continental countries by means of protective tariffs. Had industry and labour been left to themselves they certainly would not have gone into those industries. Iron could have been obtained in sufficient quantities from this country, and much more cheaply, and sugar in the same way could have been obtained from the cane-sugar producing countries. Legislation stepped in to divert from their natural channels capital and labour. There is thus a misdirection of industry and consequent waste and loss. For his immediate purpose it was not necessary that Mr. Hake (who, it should be stated, acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. O. E. Wesslau) should point out all this, and it is undoubtedly true that, speaking broadly, under-consumption is the cause of trade depression. We are particular in dwelling upon this point, for the right statement of the proposition is of great practical importance. If we say that over-production is the cause of depression, it seems to follow that the true remedy is restriction of production. If, on the contrary, we recognize clearly that it is under-consumption which lies at the root of our difficulties, then we perceive that the true course is to stimulate production. Under-consumption is the result of poverty, and poverty can be removed only by such an increase of production as will enable the poor to pay for the commodities which they want. There is only one legitimate and effectual way, as Mr. Hake truly observes, of increasing the purchasing power of the poor—and that is by increasing the employment of labour. Again, apart from new inventions which man cannot command, there is only one way of increasing the employment of labour, and that is by affording a means to the poor man of character and ability of getting the capital which he requires in order to give employment to the labouring poor around him. Here it is that Mr. Hake's interest in the banking legislation of Sir Robert Peel arises. He holds that the only way in which poor men of character and ability can be provided with capital is by facilitating credit—in other words, by giving to the banks the right of issuing notes without restriction and without Government regulation; and he points in proof of his proposition to the experience of Scotland before 1845.

It is unquestionable that Scotland advanced relatively more rapidly even than this country between the Revolution of 1688 and the middle of the present century; but her relatively more rapid progress was due to a variety of causes. In the first place, previous to the Revolution Scotland was much more backward than England. The Highlands had not yet emerged from the clan system; feudalism reigned supreme in the Lowlands; the Government was out of accord with the great body of the people, and anarchy prevailed almost everywhere. The Revolution gave Scotland a Government according to her desire; order was gradually established, and industry consequently progressed. Further, the Act of Union opened to Scotchmen a new and very profitable field of enterprise. And, lastly, popular education was much more widely diffused, much better endowed, and much more efficiently organized in Scotland than perhaps in any other European country. The great majority of Scotchmen, by their superior education, were, therefore, better qualified to take advantage of the new opportunities afforded them than were ordinary Englishmen. But, while all this is true, it cannot reasonably be denied that the Scotch banking system did contribute very powerfully to the development of material wealth; and the reason is not far to seek. The Scotch banks were free to issue notes without keeping against them an equivalent amount of either coin or bullion, and it was their interest to issue and keep in circulation the greatest possible amount of notes. Suppose, for example, that a bank manager found that 10 per cent. of his note-circulation in coin was sufficient to secure the exchangeability of his notes, he kept no more than that 10 per cent. in coin, and the remaining 90 per cent. of his note circulation cost him only the paper upon which the notes were printed and the expense of printing; but for this almost costless money he obtained as good rates of interest as he did for coin itself. The notes were accepted freely in all commercial transactions, and it was, therefore, indifferent to the borrower whether he received notes or coin. The great object of a Scotch bank manager, then, was to get the greatest possible number of his notes into circulation, and to keep them there; and no one was so likely to increase the circulation as the poor man of character and ability. He had little or no capital but what he obtained from the banks, and he was watchful to seize every opportunity of profit that offered itself; and his industry and enterprise were consequently untiring. Therefore, the Scotch banks adopted the plan of cash accounts; the whole country was covered with branch banks, and the currency became almost entirely a paper currency. There is obviously, however, not the same inducement to push notes into circulation when the amount of the circulation is restricted, and when beyond the authorized issue an equivalent amount of gold

* *The Unemployed Problem Solved.* By A. Egmont Hake. London: Hatchards.

must be kept. If gold has to be kept against the notes, it is as profitable to the banker to lend the gold itself as to lend the notes, though it is much more wasteful, of course, to the community. Under our present system, in fact, all the note-circulation beyond the authorized issue is valueless to a bank manager, except in so far as it serves as an advertisement. There can be no doubt, then, that a banking system which gives to the banks the right of issuing notes without restriction and without Government regulation does supply a motive to the banker to supply poor men of ability and character with capital which is not afforded under our present system.

Nor does there appear any countervailing disadvantage in the system of free note-issue. A rash manager may, of course, try to force into circulation more notes than the country requires; but, on the other hand, under a deposit system a rash bank manager may lend the deposits of customers recklessly, as indeed we have seen in various recent instances. Rashness will always result in evil; but there is nothing to show that it would be more mischievous under a system of free note-issue than under the deposit system. And, so far as the general public who accept the notes in commercial transactions are concerned, there is no greater probability that they would lose than there is under our present system. Indeed, the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, the greatest disaster of quite recent times, shows that both depositors and note-holders suffer little or nothing; it was upon the shareholders that the whole loss fell. If we had a good Joint-stock Company law, and if precaution were taken that a sufficient capital paid-up or callable was provided, there seems no reason to anticipate more loss under a system of free note-issue than under our present system. Yet, as we have observed above, it will be extremely difficult to revive interest in this question. Currency questions under all circumstances are distasteful to the general public, and their interest in them can only be aroused if it can be very clearly shown that a great advantage will follow; but we cannot truly say that Mr. Hake succeeds in showing that a great advantage would follow if free banking, as he calls it, were adopted. Of course, as we have been admitting, poor men of character and ability would find it more easy to obtain accommodation under such a system than they do at present, and that would be undoubtedly an advantage; but it would not be such an advantage as would lead to a very great and sudden increase in the amount of employment to be given. The effect would be slight and gradual, and to inflame the popular imagination it is necessary to show that the advantage would be greater than this. It is to be recollected, too, that all vested interests are against such a change. Since Sir Robert Peel's legislation our banking system has grown to a magnitude never witnessed in any other country, and most people will be satisfied that the legislation has been proved successful when such a result has followed it. Further, the banks themselves would probably not welcome the change. They have attained their present prosperity without free note-issue; and that, as matters stand at present, they do not greatly care for the right of issuing notes is proved by the fact that some of the greatest English country banks have given up the right of issue for the sake of obtaining admittance to London. Moreover, country banks with the right of issue are gradually dying out; and, indeed, even in Scotland and Ireland some of the banks do not keep in circulation even their authorized amount of notes. Mr. Hake, then, will find the banks either apathetic or opposed to his plan, while the public will regard it with indifference. His zeal may succeed in arousing interest, but he will have a very uphill fight.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE best criticism we can give of M. Lockroy's *Ahmed le boucher* (1) is that we took it up, intending to give it a merely sufficient examination, and read every word of it. It is not quite faultless. It ought to have been longer (that is not a common fault, certainly); it ought to have had references to authorities, of which there is not a single one of any precise kind in the book; and its chronology is of the vaguest possible kind. So seldom is a date mentioned, that M. Lockroy has been misled by his own looseness in this respect into saying on one page that his hero was "about fifteen years old in 1750," and on another that he was "nearly eighty" in 1799—things which agree not together, and which yet are among the very few chronological statements in the book. On the other hand, it is, though with no attempt at fine writing, very lucidly and agreeably written; there are no faults of taste, except some quite unnecessary Biblical comparisons, while the subject is extraordinarily interesting, and, we should think, must to many readers be, except in its later parts, almost entirely novel. "Ahmed the Butcher" is, as the second rather than the first name will make some readers guess beforehand, the famous Djazzar Pasha who shared with Sir Sidney Smith and Philippeaux the glory of the great siege of Acre, and who enjoys quite to himself the credit of having deserved the name of Djazzar, or butcher, better probably than any man who ever lived, while he was in the main an excellent fellow. M. Lockroy has not exaggerated or much dwelt upon the horrible side of the story, except in one instance, which is horrible enough for anything—the hideous vengeance which Djazzar took (of course not

on the really guilty party) for the violation of his harem. But the book in general is much more like a romance of chivalry than like a butcher's bill. Since the middle ages there has probably been nothing like the state of Syria during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, at any rate so near Europe. The Pashas of Damascus, Tripoli, and Cairo, with their Mameluke and Maugrabin mercenaries, the Emirs of the Druses, the great Bedouin Sheikhs, of whom the most powerful was the nonagenarian Dahers of Deir Hanna, the chiefs of the Metualis, and for a great part of the time the Russian fleet of Orloff (which, under guise of carrying on war with the Porte, simply buccannered at large and let out its services, under Levantine adventurers, to the highest bidder), fought among themselves incessantly. It was in this welter of constantly dissolving and reuniting alliances, raids, sieges, routs, that Djazzar raised himself from being a private Mameluke and the executioner of the Pasha of Cairo to the position of almost absolute ruler of Syria. This he held for years, subject only to the necessity of looking out carefully for the bearer of the bowstring, and, before that functionary could read his firman, taking him off and sending his head in an ebony box to the Sultan, who, according to the laws of the game, was bound to accept this as satisfactory. If the firman was once read, the Pasha was done. In the course of his rise two episodes hardly less miraculous and even more romantic than his defeat of Bonaparte happened—his early defence of Beyrout against the Russian fleet and the combined land forces of the Druses and the Bedouins, and the almost unbelievable exploit (very well told here) of his overthrowing by night, under the walls of deserted Acre, with three hundred desperadoes and two guns only, the great army with which his revolted favourite Selim was advancing to take his government and his life.

The plot of M. Theuriet's latest novel (2) is exceedingly simple. It has always been recognized, even in France, as one of the chief prudential arguments (putting religion and morality aside) against making free with your neighbour's wife that your neighbour's wife seldom has the good taste to retire gracefully when you are tired of her and wish to range yourself with a young woman of adorable candour. That is the situation of Philippe Desgranges, Camille Archambault, and Mariannette Diosaz—a situation complicated only, as the title indicates, by the fact that the hero is elderly. But M. Theuriet's hand is so admirable, both in drawing scenery and in drawing character, and his picture, in particular, of Mariannette (who is a much more masterful young lady than most French unmarried heroines) is so fresh and spirited, that he has made the old theme new. M. Rabusson is also clever, as he always is; but his new study in the Feuilleton manner (3) will not please all readers. Far be it from us to palliate the practice of pledging securities with which you are entrusted and gambling with the proceeds. It is highly wrong in every way, and the laws of civilized countries provide extremely unpleasant penalties for it. But we do not think that it is one of the faults which, if a woman really loved a man, would destroy her love for him when she found it out. However, these things depend on taste. Of *Une Ève nouvelle* (4) we can only observe that the characteristics of the new Eve appear to be priggishness and frigidity. Long live the old! The tales in Mme. Calmon's *Cœurs droits* (5) are estimable, but not particularly interesting. As to Prince Lubomirski's book (6) (which appears with two sub-titles, "Tatiana" and "Schelm," for its two volumes) he explains that it is only in part a new one. The Prince is, we think, better as a traveller than as a novelist.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IT is the hard fate of Professor Freeman to be perpetually putting himself right with the public. Never was writer so misapprehended. Thus it happens that two of the *Four Oxford Lectures*, 1887 (Macmillan & Co.)—those on "Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain"—are largely occupied with what is known in Parliamentary circles as personal explanation. There is a tentative air about them. They are preparative in aim, the scaffolding of a structure that is as yet only to be dimly discovered by the speculative eye. It is not Mr. Freeman's fault, as he is eager to show, that he has to lecture of himself, to quote his own writings, till progress is stayed for a while by the perverse influences of current controversy. When Mr. Huxley writes to the *Times* and declares the doctrine that "the English nation is almost wholly Teutonic" is a "baseless notion," no other course is open to a Professor of History generally credited with the invention of the "Teutonic theory." Mr. Freeman and the "eminent man of science" regard the matter from wholly different points of view; and, if people would only be at the pains to understand Mr. Freeman, "there would be found little or no difference as to facts" between them. In the same agreeable spirit Mr. Freeman deals with Mr. Sayce's British Association address at Manchester, and with the theories of Mr. Seebohm and that "wrong-headed scholar" Mr. Coote. It was a misfortune perhaps that he should be driven to discuss the evidence of anthropologists as to the

(2) *Amour d'automne*. Par A. Theuriet. Paris: Lemerre.

(3) *Le mari de Madame d'Orgueville*. Par H. Rabusson. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Une Ève nouvelle*. Par Jean Herrère. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Cœurs droits*. Par Mme. Calmon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Fonctionnaires et Boyards*. Par le Prince J. Lubomirski. 2 tomes. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(1) *Ahmed le boucher*. Par Edouard Lockroy. Paris: Ollendorff.

considerable survival of the Celtic element in Britain, despite the victorious Teutons, though even here Mr. Freeman is convinced he has been seriously misled by the theorists who deal in types and skulls. When he wrote of the Britons as exterminated by Angles and Saxons, it was in a Pickwickian sense only. Moreover, one of the few branches of knowledge in which Mr. Freeman's equipment is deficient is this same application of physiology to history. "I am not, I must confess, good at what are called types," he ingenuously insists, and presumably he is also not good at skulls. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Sayce will return from foreign parts and, moved by this touching confession, will protest he never meant to reflect on the teaching of his historical brother. To adopt the logical and picturesque language of Mr. Freeman, it is absurd to suppose that the extermination of the Briton throughout the whole of England should have been set forth by "one whose house is on the slope of Ben Knoll, who looks on Penhill and Pennard, on Creech Hill and Crook's Peak, to whom the Celtic *combe* is as familiar a word as the Teutonic *dale* is to a Yorkshireman."

Various attempts have been made to solve *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, but no solution has appeared in print at once so ingenious and convincing, and so satisfactory in the inductive treatment of the existing material, as Mr. Richard A. Proctor's *Watched by the Dead* (Allen & Co.). Mr. Proctor is perhaps inclined to underestimate the number of those who endorse Longfellow's opinion of Dickens's unfinished story, and there must have been many readers besides himself who detected Edwin Drood under the disguise of Datchery. The distinctive merit of Mr. Proctor's clever study of the problem lies in the cumulative reasoning by which he shows that Datchery must needs be Drood. His argument is advanced step by step in the analytical examination of the book with remarkable skill, and is attended by an anticipation of objections that is quite as remarkable and quite as favourable to his theory.

Mr. F. R. Stockton's delightful extravaganza, *The Dumas* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a continuation of the unparalleled adventures of those estimable widows, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and unlike most sequels in being more than equal to the original conception. Indeed, we are disposed to award it the first place in Stocktonian humour. Its quality of humour is far more generic, and yet far less American, than that of *Rudder Grange*, and as a work of art it is incomparably superior. No reader of the *Casting Away* will have forgotten the desert island and its well-provisioned house, in which the ex-missionary and his shipwrecked companion were involuntary boarders for a season. The return of the owners and the discovery of the money deposited by the scrupulous Mrs. Lecks in payment of board and lodging lead to a wild and whimsical series of events that fairly surpass the story of the wreck and the island.

The Miss Cruises, by Colonel Colomb (Allen & Co.), though a book for children, contains sly allusions and not a little facetiousness of the kind that children cannot be expected to enjoy. The effort to be amusing is at times only too evident in the sustained jocularity of tone that characterizes this story of the casting away of two small girls on a desert island. The prattle of these ingenuous babes is, however, amusing and natural for the most part, though it is surprising that Emma Jane should perpetrate that forlorn joke about the "dessert" island. Their adventures are brought to a dramatic conclusion by a droll device, possibly suggested by *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, in which certain "forgetful mushrooms" play an important part. The book is illustrated in a diverting style by Mr. Hitchcock and Miss Emily Lees.

Messrs. Lindley and J. P. Widney are the compilers of an illustrated guide-book entitled *California of the South* (New York: Appleton), which ought to become popular, as it is very readable and methodical in arrangement. In his excellent introduction on the climate of California Dr. Widney insists upon a distinction not recognized by geographers, but readily appreciable by agriculturists and persons in search of health resorts. He points out that there are two Californias. The district of which Los Angeles is the central point of interest, extending from Point Conception to the Mexican frontier, is that of which the present volume treats. This portion of California, the California of the South, possesses a climate that offers a marvellous contrast with that of the northern coast, if statistics of rainfall and temperature are not altogether worthless. Much useful information is given on the natural resources of the country, especially with regard to fruit culture.

How to play Solo Whist, by Messrs. A. S. Wilks and C. S. Pardon (Chatto & Windus), is a practical handbook, with useful illustrative diagrams, to a game which the authors declare has obtained unprecedented favour. The name is somewhat misleading, for the game requires a full pack, four players, and is based on whist.

Messrs. Field & Tuer's series of "Illustrated Gleanings from the Classics" has come to an end—which cannot be regarded as untimely—in Nos. 3 and 4—Thomson's *Seasons*, with four copperplate engravings of 1792, and *Tristram Shandy*, with six aquatints engraved in 1820. The latter are Rowlandsonian in style, and not without character. The former are extremely feeble designs, and quite unworthy of revival.

The annotation of classics for school use is variously exemplified by certain examples before us. We have seen class-books of the kind praised for mere paucity of notes, as if the question were not one of quality rather than of quantity of exposition. In his

preface to an annotated edition of Molière's *L'Ecole des Femmes* (Cambridge: University Press), Mr. Saintsbury says, with obvious truth, that Molière demands more copious annotation than Corneille or Racine. The notes in this edition, which is one of the excellent Pitt Press Series, comprise not a few examples of the copiousness that is of the right description. Such is that upon the "Maximes du Mariage" which Arnolphe recommends Agnes to study (Act iii. sc. 2), with its citation of literary parallels prior to Molière. In other directions Mr. Saintsbury's clear and scholarly notes are rich in illustration of the valuable kind that vivifies textual comment and criticism.

Mr. A. M. Williams, in his notes to Milton's *Comus* (Longmans & Co.) is chiefly concerned with the explanation of grammatical points, obsolete words, etymology, and allied matters. His introduction is brief and explicit; but his examination of Milton's verse is not altogether satisfactory. His illustrations of the *cesura* would never lead the young to the secret of the poet's marvellous modulations, and as much must be said of his remarks on what he calls the "order of words" in *Comus* (p. 14).

Mr. Benjamin Dawson's edition of *King John* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) is an unhappy attempt "to remove those difficulties which arrest and discourage the student on the threshold of his subject." The text is disfigured by needless contractions, and syllables that should be silent, in the wisdom of the editor, are printed in italics. Thus we have (p. 21):—

Now shame upon you, whether she does or no.

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd.

Surely we have the "dullest most unbored ears for verse" in our New Shakespeare Society when its members edit Shakespeare in this fashion, and under the title of a "University edition."

The Rev. W. H. Hutton has made a capital little collection of extracts from Matthew Paris, Robert of Gloucester, and other chroniclers—*Simon de Montfort and his Times*, 1251-1266 (David Nutt)—as a contribution to the series entitled "English History from Contemporary Writers."

We have among recent educational publications Mr. Joseph Wright's *Middle High German Primer* in the "Clarendon Press Series"; *Geometrical Drawing*, an excellent text-book for examination candidates, by Mr. W. N. Wilson (Rivingtons); Ellis's *Irish Educational Directory for 1888* (Dublin: Ponsonby); *The Schoolmaster's Calendar for 1888*, the second annual issue of an admirable manual (Bell & Sons); *Dates Made Easy*, by John Hugh Rawley (Relfe Brothers); and *Practical Lessons in the Use of English*, by Mary F. Hyde (Boston: Heath).

We have also received a new edition of *The Enemies of Books*, revised and enlarged, by Mr. William Blades (Elliot Stock); M. Hector Malot's *Zyde*, translated by J. E. Simpson (Warne & Co.); *Christian Socialism*, by the Rev. M. Kaufmann (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); *Five Little Peppers*, by Margaret Sidney (Hodder & Stoughton); *At Evening Time*, by Lewis Lauriston (London Literary Society); *Life of the Emperor William of Germany*, edited by H. W. Dulcken (Ward, Lock, & Co.); the *Synopsis of the Tariffs and Trade of the British Empire*, issued by the Imperial Federation League; and the *Report of the Public Debt, Banking Institutions, and Mint of the Argentine Republic*. Book IV. Translated from the Spanish by L. B. Trant (Buenos Ayres: Stillér & Laass).

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